BORES OF 1962: *William Saroyan*

THE NATION

DECEMBER 22, 1962 . . 25c

NEW YORK'S NEWSPAPER STRIKE

Donald Paneth and Herbert Shuldiner

Munitions-Makers at the Waldorf

BIGGER BANGS FOR PEACE

Dan Wakefield

New Light on Sacco-Vanzetti

The MISSING FINGERPRINTS

Fred J. Cook

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LETTERS

The Great Unifier

Dear Sirs: Your Dec. 1 issue gives considerable support to a very durable thesis. The editorial "Castro: Life-Size" quotes Tad Szulc's observation that the Bay of Pigs landing was "one of the most valuable instruments of national cohesion ever obtained by the Castro regime," and the editorial's closing line implies that Castroism has performed the same service for the United States. On page 373 writer Stephen Hugh-Jones ends his piece on "India at War" by attesting that the Chinese invasion has so unified India as to have converted him from a "fairly cynical" man to a "moved and humble" one.

Three such testimonials to the psychological efficacy of war and threat of war in one issue of *The Nation* leave me more cynical than moved or humbled. Are there really no moral equivalents?

DAVID L. NORTON, Leader
The Ethical Society of Boston
Boston, Mass.

Mr. Hagerty's Liberalism

Dear Sirs: Though your editorial reference to Mr. Hagerty's liberalism ["Not Too Much Freedom, However," Dec. 8] is ironic, I wonder whether you noticed that his defense of freedom of the press proclaimed its own phoniness.

> To me it is just unthinkable . . . that Hiss . . . could possibly damage Richard Nixon. . . . If I had believed that—if I had any doubt as to that—I would never have permitted Hiss to appear on the program.—*The New York Times,* Nov. 19, p. 22.

Outright, honest suppression of freedom would be preferable to this piddling deception. CARSON GIBB
Farmville, Va.

Historian as Pleader

Dear Sirs: Louis Ruchames in "The Historian as Special Pleader" [*The Nation,* Nov. 24] has raised the old question about the Historian as Moralist. No one concerned with American slavery controversies can safely reject his statement that the abolitionists have been "falsely judged," their "achievements . . . unjustly denied." But Dr. Ruchames makes the historian out as a mere scholarly publicist when he assumes that only a favorable verdict on the abolitionists reveals an understanding of them. He doubts that historians who disdain fundamental social change can understand the anti-slavery movements. If they cannot do so, can historians who are dedicated to social change understand slaveholders' attitudes and the social characteristics of slavery? . . .

The moral question for the historian . . . might possibly not be the "pro or con" of slavery or abolitionism, but rather the nature of evil and men's relationship to it. Slavery as a social institution was idyllic, demonic, humane and barbarous. Even some abolitionists understood the ultimate evil of slavery to be revealed in its humaneness and acceptability. Thus the historian could raise questions about the abolitionists' responsibility and the slaveholders' immorality, point out the moral ambiguity of both positions, and still thank God for men like James Meredith.

DONALD G. MATHEWS
Department of History
Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

Dear Sirs: Dr. Louis Ruchames is a very special pleader to whom we owe our thanks. Unlike the "special pleaders" with whom he deals in his essay, he raises the level of historical writing to the truth.

It is precisely in the history of the anti-slavery movement (and, I might add, in the history of labor and radical movements) that one finds the grossest distortions. Not only do the ideas of such movements become twisted, but their personalities become thoroughly unrecognizable in the hands of the "piecemeal tinkers" who enjoy reputations as objective historians. . . . Instead of men and women devoted to "values, ideals and programs that demand fundamental changes in society," we get "insane" John Brown, "vindictive and dictatorial" Thaddeus Stevens, "inferior and ignorant" Negroes struggling for equal rights.

We deserve something closer to the truth from historians.
Madison, Wis. EDWARD MAGDOL

Voiceless Pacifism?

Dear Sirs: Two articles in your Nov. 17 issue make an interesting juxtaposition. In "Cuba: Pivot to the Future," Charles D. Bolton (page 320) suggests in effect that pacifists, if they want to continue existing, should follow the example set by the University of Mississippi faculty, as described by Leo J. Hertzel in "The Silent Faculty" (page 326). Mr. Bolton carefully documents the paranoia of America, and then advises pacifists that, to be effective, they must act as if our Glorious Leader has acted in their interest and be careful in what they do. "There is no use wasting effort," he writes.

Is a pacifist a person who occasionally makes careful noises like a pacifist? Or is pacifism a moral position taken by a person as a way of life? I hope Mr. Hertzel is bothered by Mr. Bolton's confusion.

PAUL W. CATON
Minister
Warren A. Simpson Methodist Church
Dickinson, N. D.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1962
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Bolt from the Sky

The difference between the threat to cancel the Skybolt air-to-ground missile and earlier missile flops (e.g., Navaho, $800 million; Snark, reputedly even more) is that the earlier casualties were quietly interred, while Skybolt's obsequies are almost as loud as the detonation of its warhead. One reason for this unseemly noise is that Defense Secretary McNamara's move coincided with Dean Acheson's tactful reference at West Point to the British Commonwealth as an organization "which has no political structure, unity or strength," and which "enjoys a fragile and precarious relationship" through monetary and trade ties, frequently marred by discord.

Indeed, to the British, the preparations to give up the Skybolt, coupled with Mr. Acheson's well-aimed kicks at the British lion's rump, must take on the aspect of a conspiracy against Her Majesty's government. The British have a much greater stake in the Skybolt than we have. For us, it merely promised to extend the life of our B-52 bombers; thus it gave solace to the air-minded generals of the Strategic Air Command. But everyone knows that B-52 or no B-52, there will always be an Air Force. It would just use ground-based missiles instead of B-52s: in particular, thousands of solid-fueled Minutemen ensconced in their underground silos. For Britain, however, Skybolt meant keeping up the pretense that she remained an independent nuclear power. Without the Skybolt or its equivalent, the Vulcan II bomber would not be a very frightening weapon system, except to recalcitrant colonials in North Borneo, Sarawak and the like.

So the British mortification is understandable. The impending action on the Skybolt also puts an underpinning of logic — of a sort — under the determination of General de Gaulle to make France a nuclear power. The logic is not very convincing, since neither Britain nor France has the industrial capacity to become a nuclear power comparable to the Soviet Union, not to speak of the United States (which, as matters are going, will forge far ahead of all present and future potential enemies). Nevertheless, even a smattering of nuclear power lends national prestige.

The peculiar, even weird, feature of the Skybolt controversy is that the British so gladly bought a pig in a poke. There was never any assurance that it would make a useful weapon system. True, the range is relatively short but, shooting from a moving platform with relatively unsophisticated means of guidance, it is hard to compete with surface-to-surface systems. After seeing $500 million go down the drain, Mr. McNamara, a hard-nosed realist, is apparently disinclined to continue investing. He trusts the promises of the aerospace interests as little as he fears their anger — or that of the British.

There may be a Kennedy compromise along the lines of the Eisenhower compromise on the B-70: let it live, but on a restricted budget. Douglas Aircraft Company, the father of the Skybolt, wails that 14,000 workers at Douglas and its principal subcontractors are employed on the ailing system. In the December 14 *Time*, the company has a two-page ad, in color, showing Skybolt triumphantly launched under the caption, "ON TARGET!" Skybolt, the ad maintains, "is expected to be one of America's most powerful deterrent weapons" and it will save *billions* (their italics) in taxes. If Mr. McNamara prevails over the Anglo-Douglas axis, he is even tougher than we thought.

The Great Teacher Sylvester

In William James's philosophy of pragmatism, the truth is that which works — at least, as James was careful to add, in the long run. In essence, that is what is wrong with the philosophy of Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, who has taken to instructing the nation in matters of ethics. No one will dispute his assertion that "information is power": Francis Bacon said that three or four centuries ago. But Sylvester can't stop with platitudes. In the recent Cuban crisis, he defended the use of news as a

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weapon. Then, in a speech before the New York chapter of the Sigma Delta Chi journalism society, he went farther. The government must not put out false information, he said, but: "I think the inherent right of the government to lie to save itself when faced with nuclear disaster is basic."

There is more than one Sylvester, apparently: Sylvester I recoils from giving out false information; Sylvester II gives out false information when the nation is faced by nuclear disaster. But aside from the contradiction of the first Sylvester by the second, we must evaluate the efficacy of official lying to avert nuclear disaster. Does the second Sylvester mean that at a time of acute crisis it is legitimate for the government to lie, but when the crisis subsides, it becomes illegitimate? If so, where is the cutoff point? We have been in a state of chronic crisis ever since the Soviets got the atomic bomb. And, as a matter of cold fact, we have done a good deal of lying when we were up against it, as in the U-2 incident and at the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion, and also in the intervals. Only, until Sylvester came along, no one tried to defend the practice. It was what nations did, like spying and institutionalized murder. But Sylvester, as nearly as one can make out what he is driving at, wants us to do it with a good conscience.

If it is inherently right for the government to lie and for the news media to propagate the government's lies, then it must be unpatriotic to challenge those lies, both at the time of utterance and later: at the time of utterance, obviously, for then we are in danger; later, because the next time the government lies, it will not be believed. Therefore, anyone who utters the truth, as opposed to the official lie, is in the last analysis a traitor, for he is jeopardizing the survival of his country and its precious way of life, which includes among its freedoms the freedom to lie.

If *The Nation* may give Mr. Sylvester a kindly piece of advice, it is this: "If your job requires you to lie, go ahead, but don't talk about it so much. And don't lecture the press, because it knows quite as much about this moral dilemma as you do."

Dissent, *Si*; Dissenter, *No*

The Oakland branch of Michigan State University has notified Dr. Samuel Shapiro that it will not renew his contract which, had it been renewed, would have given him full tenure in April, 1963. The chancellor, speaking for the university, does not care to discuss the reason for the decision except to say that it was reached "at the administrative level, in a normal, routine, highly professional" manner. Unfortunately for this explanation, which has been rejected by the conservative Detroit *Free Press*, Associate Dean George Matthews injected the issue of academic freedom by saying that Dr. Shapiro "would have had a better chance" of being retained had he written and said less about Cuba (see his article, "Cuba Today: An Eyewitness Report," *The Nation*, September 22, 1962) and Latin American affairs generally, and more about his specific discipline, American history.

But Dr. Shapiro, who organized the History Department at the Oakland branch, has published widely in scholarly journals on aspects of American history; in fact, his list of scholarly publications would compare most favorably with that of any other faculty member of comparable teaching experience. He has also contributed to such varied publications as *The Economist, Columbia University Forum, American Heritage, The Reporter, Commentary* and *The Nation*. This year his book, *Richard Henry Dana, Jr.*, was published by his own university press, in itself recognition that this brilliant young historian, who acquired his Ph.D. at Columbia, has met the requirements of the "publish or perish" rule (oddly enough, not one member of the five-man faculty committee that voted against renewing his contract had bothered to read the book). Moreover, unlike some dissenters, Dr. Shapiro is not, and never has been, a joiner or signer; in other words, he does not have what is known as a "political background."

It is ironic to note that when the new campus was opened in 1959, the university administration made a point of announcing that the new liberal arts college would make every effort to create a lively atmosphere, with emphasis on abrasive discussion, controversy, stimulating lectures, etc., all designed to arouse student interest in ideas. But, like too many other American universities and colleges, Michigan State will proclaim in countless commencement and convocation addresses its deathless dedication to the proposition that Thomas Jefferson had a perfect right to hold the opinions he held — and it will defend his right in death to have held these opinions — but it will not defend the right of a young instructor to hold and express views on controversial subjects at variance with those of the American Establishment. At Michigan State, where football is king, the operating rule is all too clear: Dissent, *Si;* Dissenter, *No*.

Congress and Uranium

In 1948, the U.S. Government created a new industry — domestic uranium mining and processing — and a new way of life for those engaged in it. The infant was tenderly nurtured and it grew fat and strong. Now the problem is to shrink the multi-billion-dollar giant so that he will fit into the military and economic scheme of things; but the giant, apparently, will not be as easy to cut back as he was to build up.

Even the Atomic Energy Commission, the giant's

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loving nurse, now contends that he should be put on a diet. The Defense Department is in agreement — which is one indication of how far the overkill capacity has gone. The mining and refinement of uranium has not been adjusted to weapons requirements, generous as these have been; instead, the Defense Department has geared its atomic-weapons requirements to the AEC's production schedules. The more uranium the AEC made available, the more nuclear weapons the Air Force found it needed.

For the uranium producers, life was good. The AEC reveals that production costs of uranium oxide concentrate have run between $3 and $8 a pound. The producers, of course, have a guaranteed market and since 1958 have been getting a flat $8 a pound. The marginal producers managed to get along; the efficient producers had a bonanza. There is nothing like a few marginal producers to promote the health of an industry, when government is the sole customer.

The government is not obliged to buy uranium after 1966, but a stretch-out is in prospect. Unless the government buys its output, the industry feels it has no market and fears extinction. The fears are probably exaggerated. The AEC, after all, is only an agency. Standing over it, with a big stick, is the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. Uranium-producing states are heavily represented on the committee. On a subcommittee which is considering the jeopardy of the industry, five of eight members are from the Far West, including the chairman, Rep. Wayne N. Aspinall of Colorado.

Also to be reckoned with is Senator Robert S. Kerr, nowadays conceded to be the most influential member of the Senate. Senator Kerr is known chiefly as an oil-and-gas baron, but he does not object to turning an honest dollar in other fields which beckon from time to time. According to John W. Finney, (*The New York Times*, Nov. 19), of the $2,274,000,000 worth of uranium the government will have purchased by 1966, 16.5 per cent, or about $375,000,000, will have come from mines owned or controlled by Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, Inc., of which Senator Kerr is board chairman. It is a safe bet that Kerr-McGee is not a marginal producer.

Let there be no imputation of anything illicit in Senator Kerr's dual role. Still, while the uranium stretch-out is under consideration, it might be well to consider anew Senator Wayne Morse's oft-reiterated contention that it is wrong for members of Congress to promote or vote for legislation in which they have a financial interest. In fact, this would be a good time to ventilate the whole subject of the practical exemption of members of Congress from the conflict-of-interest statutes. At the least, it will keep tongues from wagging; at best, it might benefit those taxpayers who have never made any money out of uranium, or anything else the government buys.

BIGGER BANGS for PEACE . . *by Dan Wakefield*

ALTHOUGH it may not be obvious from the name of the organization, the American Ordnance Association is "a peace society in purpose, in operation, and in fact." It says so in the official 1962-63 annual directory of the association. Even more striking than the incongruous title of this little-known "peace society" is its membership, which is composed entirely of leading U.S. military officials and top executives of corporations that build the weapons for our armed forces.

The suspicious nature of this unusual branch of the peace movement was further revealed when the members recently convened at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City for what was called the "Forty-Fourth Annual Industrial Preparedness Meeting" of the association—a title that cleverly disguised the group's true mission of peace. During the same week that this convention was held, the House Un-American Activities Committee announced that it had subpoenaed several New York members of Women Strike for Peace, as well as representatives of other peace movements throughout the country [see editorial, "Is Peace Subversive?", *The Nation*, Dec. 15]. Yet HUAC apparently planned to ignore the activities of the American Ordnance Association, none of whose members were subpoenaed to testify about *their* work for peace. This glaring oversight raises suspicions about HUAC itself. If the committee is truly interested in learning what threats to our democracy are posed by the peace movement, surely it could learn more from the members of an avowed "peace society," composed of top-ranking military and industrial leaders, than from interrogating some New York housewives.

Although the Ordnance Association and its work are not well known in the peace movement, its members heard at their recent convention the most ingenious and practical plan yet devised for insuring world peace. The scheme takes on added significance because of the fact that it was explained by a top-ranking member of the U.S. Defense Department. In his speech to a convention audience of generals, admirals and industrial executives, Dr. John L. McLucas, Deputy Director of Defense Research and Engineering, declared:

> In today's atmosphere of making weapons more and more destructive, a nation's strength and position can

DAN WAKEFIELD is a frequent contributor.

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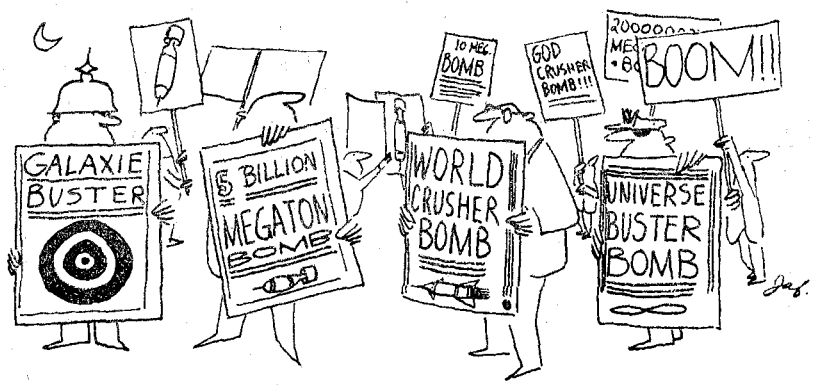

often be affected markedly by the mere existence of a new weapon in its laboratories, without the necessity for its production and deployment. In some cases, it is necessary to demonstrate a single piece of equipment, but not go into production. In others, the announcement of the existence of the technological base is sufficient.

THE manifold advantages of this ingenious plan are easily apparent. Rather than polluting the atmosphere with further tests of nuclear weapons, governments can simply make announcements of the development of still more deadly superbombs—and, if it will help morale, they can even announce greater pollution of the atmosphere. When a crisis arises, competing governments may threaten one another with greater total destruction, while at the same time their citizens and the rest of the world will actually be safe, since the total-destruction weapons won't really have been produced, but only announced.

Not to be overlooked are the tremendous economic advantages of such a policy, which can be concretely seen from figures reported in Dr. McLucas' speech. While the "Research, Development, Test and Evaluation" portion of our defense program has risen in cost from "an annual rate of about $2 billion to the current 1963 rate of about $7.1 billion" in the last decade, it still only constitutes roughly 15 per cent of the total military budget. By merely confining our weapons progress to the laboratory and drawing board, we could eliminate the other 85 per cent of the defense budget. As the cost of research for devising new weapons has grown, so has the cost of producing them, as can easily be seen from the report of a Vice Admiral who told the ordnance convention that, for example, "Navy fighter aircraft in 1944 cost $120,000. They are now larger and more complicated and cost over $1,600,000 each." Of course, drawing-board costs also increase as weapons become more complicated, but what's a few thousand in extra expenditures when one can save millions—nay, billions? Moreover, since continued new research soon makes existing weapons obsolete, it seems only logical for governments to refrain from building them when merely announcing them would suffice.

But before hopes and fears are raised about the actual peace-potential of this radical suggestion, it has to be admitted that the military and industrial leaders attending the convention did not seem greatly interested in it. As a matter of fact, Dr. McLucas prefaced his brief but original plan with the words "To digress for a moment. . . ." This "digression" was not the kind of thing the association seemed most concerned about, even though it calls itself a "peace society." Perhaps the group can better be defined by the words of Dr. McLucas, who told his audience that "Together, we represent that group of military officers and civilians who, with the advice and assistance of industry, plan and execute a program of research and development which has come to have a very significant impact not only on the course and potentialities of military action, but through both direct and indirect means, to have far-reaching effects on the economy and direction of the country as a whole." The immediate concern of the group seemed to be a piece of the defense budget rather than the peace of the nation.

Dr. McLucas was there to explain current Defense Department policy on the placing of government contracts and to offer hope for those who had not yet received a very healthy slice of the pie. He explained that although the aircraft industry had grown up in sunny climes with good flying weather, and "the growth of the electronics industry has tended to follow the missile work" to these balmy locales, there are "several areas of the country which have successfully resisted the tendency of today's exotic military work to follow the sun to the South and West." He cited the Route 128 area around Boston, a place not known for its favorable weather conditions, but which nevertheless has drawn important defense contracts.

THE SPEAKER further encouraged the industrialists by noting that while the "more glamorous programs," such as missile work, have been the prime concern of the defense effort in recent years, President Kennedy's policy of building up tactical forces as an alternative to massive deterrence (we now have a "Limited War Laboratory") meant a new demand for research and development of the more "mundane" types of weapons. In the language of the military, "mundane" weapons seem to be those which can kill only a small number of people, while "glamorous" weapons are those which can destroy great populations.

There are compensations, however, for working on even the "mundane" weapons: they offer profits, too. For instance, the need for a new anti-tank missile light enough to be carried by a single soldier "is challenge enough for any designer," McLucas said, and "since such missiles are needed by the thousands, if not the hundreds of thousands, such programs can be of interest to even the largest industrial companies." Another piece of equipment that needs to be developed for the Army is "a lightweight device for seeing in the dark" (how about a flashlight?) and even though such a device may seem especially mundane (it cannot even kill a single person), it does offer its rewards: "Such a device, if practical, is needed in the hundreds of thousands, and can easily be worth several hundred dollars each."

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Further inspiration for manufacturing the less glamorous war products was offered by Major General Chester W. Clark, Director of Army Research, who pointed out the importance of proper equipment for the individual soldier. He reminded the group that the individual soldier was still important, for "Weapons without men are like a computer without a programer. . . ." Our soldiers, he said, "are the warm human spirits that carry our reputation abroad." But nothing is left to chance, or even to warm human spirits, for "Our psychological and social scientists condition our soldiers so they will make a good showing for us in foreign lands."

Absolutely nothing is spared in the equipping and training of these warm and well-conditioned human spirits, and new devices have been introduced to make combat training more realistic, such as a "running man" target that is actually a dummy but looks so real that "some soldiers at first refuse to fire at him," General Clark explained (thus bringing the biggest laugh of the morning). Such soldiers were, of course, still trainees and had obviously not yet been conditioned by our psychological and social scientists. Devices such as the "running man" target supported General Clark's claim that "We are trying to make training as realistic as possible." He then added, with a smile, that "Of course, we can't start a war for this purpose."

BORES of 1962 . . *William Saroyan*

It is generally believed that only a bore can find another person boring.

Will Rogers is supposed to have said that he had never met anybody he didn't like, and one gathered that he imagined that everybody liked *him*, which in itself made him a bore. Mark Twain, on the other hand, near the end of his life seems to have found the whole human race contemptible, which certainly impels sympathy, respect and possibly even love.

Most of the time most of us stand somewhere convenient or courteous *between* these two extremes.

Anybody who has accepted without protest a theory that he is straight, humane or noble is an instantaneous bore, because if he isn't phony, he's stupid.

Sooner or later every man is a bore to himself — at least now and then. Selfness *is* boring. It can *become* killing.

If a man *never* finds himself boring, he is probably a monster. If he *always* finds himself boring, he is probably sick. If he finds himself and all other people *always* boring, he is probably dead, except for a flicker of life still in the body.

The following list of bores of 1962 is haphazard, impersonal, unmalicious and incomplete:

1. William Saroyan. He was always polite and frequently acted friendly.

2. Both Salingers, J. D. and Pierre: the writer for a reticence so controlled it was a *demand* for attention; the President's publicity agent for the kind of efficiency that can start a chain reaction *bound* to end in embarrassment or disaster for someone.

3. David Susskind.

4. Billy Graham. Unless it is desirable to belittle the doubts and anxieties of the human heart, it is not desirable to conceal absence of reasonableness or intelligence behind loud, swift, rhythmic, whiny, empty, emotional, ridiculous talk.

5. Bertolt Brecht's plays, religion, disciples and interpreters.

6. Culture, but especially the government's discovery of it.

7. Actors' Studio.

8. Refined, organized crime.

9. Publicity agents, their clients, and their lies.

10. Movie festivals.

11. All literary and art competitions and prizes.

12. The imbecile white South.

Pollsters and statisticians are invited to take over at this point.

Who or what might be said *not* to have been a bore in 1962? Well, not God, but perhaps the hidden secret helpless and incurable human race: our side, their side, anybody's, nobody's, everybody's side.

WILLIAM SAROYAN'S plays and writings, over the years, have evidently not *bored the producers and editors to whom they have been submitted.*

THE assurance that we couldn't start a war for the purpose of more realistic military training was the last statement of the many lectures that seemed to bear any direct relation to "peace," and so one confused observer turned to the Ordnance Association's bimonthly magazine in hopes of learning more about the views of this "peace society." The magazine is handsome and thick, printed on slick paper and illustrated with photographs and color plates, featuring articles about the latest in weaponry ("Anti-Missile Measurement") and full of appropriate ads from businesses that deal in these matters, such as "Think Explosively with DuPont" and "Are You Testing Dangerously? Relax With Fleming Equipment."

Politico-philosophical problems are also discussed in the magazine, and one article in its latest issue (November-December, 1962) reports on "History vs. the UN," demonstrating that the United Nations is a threat to peace and to the Western nations. The article's contentions are briefly explained in a table-of-contents summary prepared by the editors:

> From the futile plan of Hsiang Hsue in 538 B.C. to the impotent League of Nations, past events have proved the inability of man to abolish war by fiat. Reginald Hargreaves shows that the United Nations Organization is following a similar pattern and is, in fact, allowing the Western powers to be "nibbled to death" by fledgling nations.

Another article in the same issue warns against "Control of the Military" by civilians, for "while economy and efficiency are admirable in peacetime, they are no substitute in war for professional military experience and intuition acquired the hard way on the battlefield and supply line." Are we then, at war? No. Nor are we at peace. We are at what might be called war-peace, a state of affairs described in its economic aspects by John Dykstra, president of the Ford Motor Company, in his luncheon address to the convention gathering:

> Industry has had long experience in meeting the demands of peace. It has also, when required, risen to the challenge of wartime production. But its role no longer fits into two sep-

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arate compartments marked "war" and "peace." Today it must meet both demands simultaneously.

Mr. Dykstra's own company is ready to meet those demands, for it proposed last year to build the Saturn S-L booster, and even though the proposal was not accepted, Ford is undaunted: "We shall continue to seek major defense and space contracts." Mr. Dykstra pointed out that Ford was especially well equipped for such contracts, better so than a number of companies that presently have them.

Mr. Dykstra condemned some defense-contract firms for the

> . . . misleading practices of a minority of businesses aimed at securing profits at the expense of vital national programs. Industry cannot justify fighting to maintain production of obsolete military hardware. And it should be prepared to let efforts stand or fall on the basis of their merits, rather than upon how much political support can be rallied to a particular project or proposal.

Ford is prepared to throw its vast resources into the kind of "Industrial National Guard" that Dykstra says our new peace-war state demands, and is willing unselfishly to take over major defense and space contracts from the smaller companies that have been solely dependent on such contracts. If any further justification were needed for Ford's entry into this field, Mr. Dykstra noted that "Manufacturing, engineering and testing experience gained in production of consumer goods is in large part transferable to other products."

The application of auto-manufacturers' techniques in the consumer market to military weapons offers dramatic new horizons for the future: perhaps we may someday look forward to nuclear weapons with tail fins.

Our new state of peace-war existence is unprecedented, and although its future is unclear there are now certain indications of where it may lead. In the final address, General Curtis LeMay, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force, discussed the recent Cuban crisis and concluded that "I think Cuba will move us farther down a path we are already walking." General LeMay described this as "a path that leads to effective and efficient joint forces with land, sea and air components that can handle jobs assigned them by the Commander-in-Chief."

While concise and surely accurate, that does not quite seem the end of "the path we are already walking," but perhaps General LeMay was somewhat restrained by the fact that he was addressing a "peace society."

NUREMBERG'S LONG SHADOW . . *by John Gimbel*

Wiesbaden, West Germany

HOW DEEPLY the shadow of Nuremberg, and the general denazification purge that accompanied the Nuremberg trials, affects West German society and thought was revealed in a dramatic and, according to West German press stories, sensational decision of the Third Federal Court in Karlsruhe on Friday, October 19, 1962.

The case itself was rather clear cut. Bogdan Nikolaevich Stashinsky, a Ukrainian national who surrendered to American and German authorities in Berlin just one day before the infamous wall went up on August 13, 1961, was on trial as the confessed murderer of two Ukrainian political *émigrés* in Germany. The victims, Lev Rebet and Stefan Bandera, had met death in Munich on October 12, 1957, and October 15, 1959. In neither instance was murder suspected: one death was attributed to heart failure, the other to suicide. But in August, 1961, Stashinsky made a confession, which he repeated in detail during the trial: he said he had killed Rebet and Bandera with a specially constructed air pistol that fired a capsule of liquid potassium cyanide through a device that created a fine mist or spray. The pistol (issued to him by the Russian secret service, Stashinsky said) killed without leaving external evidence of violence when fired at close range. Its discharge sprayed acid into the victims' faces, they breathed it in and, according to Stashinsky's testimony, they died within two or three minutes — apparently of natural causes.

The prosecutor asked for a judgment of murder on two counts, despite the fact that during the trial even the wives, and a daughter, of Stashinsky's victims—not to mention many others less interested—showed considerable pity and sympathy for the defendant. He told a fantastic, yet credible, story of a life filled with personal hardship, interrupted by fateful coincidences and blackmail, and marked by grief and personal confusion due to fear on the one hand and love on the other. The prosecutor demanded a sentence of life imprisonment for each murder, the maximum allowed under West German law.

After six days of hearings and testimony, covered in great detail (with diagrams of the pistol) by the German dailies, the Third Federal Court of Karlsruhe pronounced judgment on October 19. The president of the court, Mr. Jagusch, in a lengthy oral verdict, declared that the prosecutor's demand could not be justified; that Mr. Stashinsky was, in fact, not a murderer at all. He was merely the helping hand for the real murderers (not on trial at Karlsruhe), who had planned the crimes and ordered Stashinsky to commit them. For the aid he had given the "real" killers, and for engaging in treasonable activities against the Federal Republic of Germany, Stashinsky was to serve eight years in prison, fourteen

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months of which he had already served.

The court's president, outlining the basis for the judgment, said that the court could not find the defendant guilty of first-degree murder. Despite the fact that Stashinsky confessed to murder and that the evidence clearly indicated that his story was reasonably complete, Jagusch insisted that the prisoner had served only as a tool, an apprentice, in the deeds. The real murderers, the judge went on, were those who planned the acts and who rewarded Stashinsky for carrying them out. The time, the method, the place, and the victims were all determined in Moscow. Stashinsky was, in short, nothing more than the unfortunate victim of powerful international wirepullers.

It is quite true that the Soviet Union had no reason to love Stashinsky's victims. Rebet was one of the leading figures of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN), an international body—it has offices in the United States as well as in West Germany—seeking the "liberation" of the Ukraine. Bandera, another OUN leader, had been a Ukrainian Nationalist since 1921, was given a life sentence in Poland for complicity in the assassination of the Polish Minister of the Interior, Pieracki, in 1934, and was freed by the Nazis when they invaded Poland in 1939. For a time, he fought with Hitler's Army as chief of the Ukrainian partisan unit.

CONTINUING, Jagusch remarked that the German people have an especially deep understanding for the situation in which Stashinsky found himself. They know that in modern totalitarian states the individual is subject to a host of state-coordinated political, social, economic and ideological pressures arising from the masses. To resist these pressures is to stand alone — naked. Under these pressures, the individual is always in danger of being called upon to perform actions which are considered criminal by states or societies outside the totalitarian camp. Stashinsky was such a person, living in a dictatorship and subject to the powerful totalitarian machine. He was, thus, a typical misused tool who had

Ben Roth Agency

"Who said 'Go West, young man'?"

to follow the orders of his Soviet masters and carry out their wishes. He was, in fact, a "poor devil."

THE factors that influenced this unusual decision are, of course, complex and perhaps undisclosed. There is the fact that Stashinsky gave himself up and admitted freely his murderous deeds — a fact that might have moved the court to compassion, but hardly to a judgment of not guilty of murder. In addition, some West German dailies have editorialized on their suspicion that Stashinsky was offered a *quid pro quo* in which he would tell the gruesome details of Soviet political murder for the world to hear in return for a mild judgment. Furthermore, other newspapers have intimated that international pressures were applied, a suspicion that is based partly on the fact that one of Mrs. Bandera's lawyers, Charles J. Kersten, former Congressman from Wisconsin,* told reporters immediately after the trial that later this year he planned to accuse Mr. Khrushchev of murder before the UN Commission on Human Rights.

But there is another factor which was hinted at by the court, but which for some inexplicable reason was not discussed much in the West German press stories or editorials. (Perhaps by the time German editorial writers were prepared to discuss the wider implications of the case, they were suddenly distracted by the *Spiegel* affair.) That other factor is the complex legal political, sociological and psychological set of arguments and theories that Germans developed after 1945 to explain — before the Nuremberg Tribunal and the denazification tribunals — their own actions or inaction during the twelve years of Nazi rule.

During the early years of the Allied occupation in Germany, while the Nuremberg trials and denazification were in full swing, Germans — whether directly affected or not — argued, among other things, that all defendants must be permitted to plead that their crimes were committed under the peculiar conditions of totalitarianism; that they lived under the constant orders of Hitler, Himmler and company. It was argued that they, as individuals, were only "little people," that their individual actions could only be understood within the totalitarian framework; that if they participated in activities or in organizations sponsored by the Nazi government, they did so under duress, in ignorance, against their own moral, ethical and political principles, in the hope of reforming the system; that they lived under inconceivable social, psychological, economic and political pressures which exist only under totalitarian systems. They were, in a sense, pre-Riesman lonely crowders of unwilling, or unwitting, organization men before Whyte.

But the Nuremberg Tribunal, working under its own charter, and the denazification tribunals observed by Americans and working under a law partly enforced by Americans, refused to accept superior orders or the totalitarian context as legitimate defense pleas. Both assumed individual responsibility and demanded individual punishment for the activities of Nazi groups.

Thus, the German arguments and pleas, repeated endlessly and everywhere by street-sweepers and high

*Charles J. Kersten (Rep.), a friend of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, served the Fifth Congressional District of Wisconsin intermittently from 1946 to 1954. While in the House he chaired the Select Committee to Investigate the Incorporation of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia into the USSR. Known as the Kersten committee, it held a series of sensational hearings, of broad scope, purporting to reveal Communist atrocities committed all over the world (see "Committee on Horrors: the Kersten Show," by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, Sept. 4, 1954).

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officials, by lawyers and clerks, by businessmen and politicians, were to no avail — except that they did focus attention upon a set of ideas that have not been erased from the thinking of West Germans to any appreciable degree.

THE obvious link between the Stashinsky judgment and the futile German attempts at defense at Nuremberg and in the denazification cases is found in the following: First, the court's contention that Stashinsky was helpless before the orders of his superiors is, in effect, the argument that Germans were helpless in the face of the orders of Hitler, Himmler and company. Second, and more subtly, the court's contention that Stashinsky was a tool, a "poor devil" in the clutches of a totalitarian system that directed his actions, his thought and his morality is the argument that Germans used to explain how they could be members of the Nazi Party and/or its affiliated organizations, and still regard themselves as innocent of anything approaching individually punishable behavior.

But President Jagusch apparently saw clearly the trend of the court's decision. We are reminded of the National Socialist state and its Eichmanns, he said. But, probing to the very heart of the issue, he continued: Stashinsky is not an Eichmann type who followed the orders of his superiors willingly and who carried out their wishes without personal travail. He was not anxious. He was not enthusiastic. He was only a tool.

If Stashinsky was not an Eichmann type, what type was he? This question the court left open, except to say that he was a "poor devil" in the hands of international wirepullers. But every German who read the West German press stories on Saturday morning, October 20, and who repeats the arguments against Nuremberg and denazification with about as much effort as it takes him to pump red blood through his veins (try him out and see!) could supply the answer: Stashinsky is a symbol, their symbol. He symbolizes the little party member who had been caught in the Nazi web; who had fed on Goebbels' propaganda; whose family, career, job and future welfare were at stake; who thought he was performing the duties of a good German citizen; who obeyed the orders of the powers that be. He is a symbol for those who had joined the Nazi Party because they wanted to protect themselves, to protect their jobs, get better ones, to reform the party — or because everybody else was doing it. He got off lightly in 1962 — for murder — for the same reasons that *they* should have gotten off completely in 1945 and thereafter for less than murder: not by virtue of an amnesty, a reprieve or by the mercy of the court, but because an individual in a totalitarian state cannot be judged in the same way that one is judged in a democratic state.

The shadow of Nuremberg continues to stretch over the West German Federal Republic today, and its ghostly image was made clearer at Karlsruhe on October 19, 1962.

NEW YORK'S NEWSPAPER STRIKE

by Donald Paneth and Herbert Shuldiner

THE SECOND New York newspaper strike within a month shut down the city's nine major newspapers, including two Long Island dailies, last week. A strike by the Newspaper Guild of New York (editorial and commercial employees) closed the *Daily News* for eight days during November. Last week's walkout by the printers' union threatened a long strike which, following the national pattern of dwindling dailies, might result in the permanent closing of one or more of New York City's papers.

The strike began with a walkout of printers at four of the papers and was followed by a publishers' lockout at the rest. It brought to a crisis the economic aspirations of the newspaper craft unions and the marginal cost-revenue situation of all but two of the papers, the *News* and the *Times*. It re-emphaized that contemporary newspaper publishing is big business and that publishing costs are enormous.

The publishers, sustained in part by strike insurance against revenue losses, presented a firm front to the printers. None the less, some of the publishers were plainly worried. Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the *Post*, appearing upset, declared over television on the first day of the strike that a long strike would close her paper. A long strike was expected to last six to eight weeks; a "short" strike, up to four weeks. If the strike was short, all of the papers were expected to reopen.

One of the hazards to the survival of a paper during a long strike is that its fixed overhead continues, diminishing its assets. Fixed overhead costs include certain services, executives' salaries, rent or taxes.

During the first week of the strike, negotiations continued deadlocked. Bargaining sessions were brief. Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz, who had successfully mediated the Newspaper Guild stoppage at the *News*, met briefly in New York with both sides the fourth day of the strike, then returned to Washington. He said he did not think his participation in the negotiations at this point would hasten a settlement.

New Yorkers, meanwhile, read out-of-town papers; a strike extra of the weekly New York *Enquirer;* the recently revived *Brooklyn Eagle*, which increased its press run from 50,000 to 150,000. A small community week-

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ly, *Town and Village,* which serves a residential section on Manhattan's East Side, switched to daily publication for the duration of the strike and stepped up its run from 10,000 to over 200,000.

Department stores, concerned about the possible loss of millions of dollars in retail trade sales at the peak of the Christmas shopping season, bought huge blocks of time on radio and television to make up for the loss of newspaper space.

In 1958, a nineteen-day walkout during the same period by the newspaper deliverers resulted in sales losses estimated by the New York City Retail Board at $50,000,000. The publishers suffered a loss of revenue estimated at $25,000,000 and newspaper employees lost $5,000,000 in wages.

SIX other newspaper craft unions—the pressmen, deliverers, mailers, photoengravers, paper-handlers and stereotypers—are involved in the dispute in addition to the printers.

New York Typographical Union No. 6, known as Big Six, a powerful but conservatively operated union, representing 3,000 printers on the papers, called the strike—its first in seventy-five years against the Publishers Association of New York City. The other unions, including the guild, honored its picket lines.

Bertram A. Powers, president of the printers' local, said, "The membership has been building up to this strike for many, many years."

The central issues were the printers' demands for higher wages, increased vacation and sick leave, a thirty-five-hour week; their wish to safeguard jobs against the introduction of more machinery into the newspaper industry; and their resentment against the publishers for allegedly high-handed, arrogant treatment.

On the issue of wages, the printers asked for a raise from $141 on day shifts to $161. The publishers offered a package amounting to $4.25 a week the first year and $3.75 the second year. The package in the first year was made up of publisher contributions to pension and welfare funds and payments to substitutes and extras, leaving 55 cents a week to be added to the wage scale. In the second year, the $3.75 weekly increase would all go to wages.

The publishers' package also included a fourth week of vacation after fifteen years in the same shop. It did not offer any change in sick leave, which at present is one day.

An important factor in the negotiations on these issues was the craft unions' position that the Newspaper Guild had long ago won four-week vacations, a thirty-five-hour week, substantially better sick leave and other clauses that had left their own memberships behind. Asher W. Schwartz, counsel for the deliverers, said, "We're going to use our bargaining power to catch up."

Last month, the guild's strike against the *News* was settled on the basis of a wage increase averaging $4.25 the first year and $3.75 the second year, along with other gains. This also produced guild agreements at the *Times, Herald Tribune, World-Telegram and Sun, Mirror* and *Journal-American.* A dispute is still pending at the *Post.*

Within the framework of a guild-craft union "unity council," craft officials had urged the guild to reject the settlement, which they termed inadequate.

"We felt that we had achieved as much as we could expect to, without a prolonged strike and a city-wide lockout," said Thomas J. Murphy, executive vice president of the guild, discussing the agreement. "There's no question that the needs and problems of the guild are different from the craft unions. Each union hopes no other union will sit in judgment on its particular needs."

Powers and other craft officials acknowledged that the guild had its own needs, as their unions did; they accused the publishers of attempting to impose the guild's settlement on them.

Powers insisted on "full bargaining" in negotiating a new printers' contract. "Bargaining with one union is not negotiation," he said.

The printers' viewpoint also was influenced by the better contracts that 4,500 other printers, working in New York's job and book shops, have been able to obtain. The job-shop printers currently are making about $10 a week more than newspaper printers. Job shops won a $15 contract last year, while the newspaper printers got a $7 package in 1960.

Moreover, in general, the Big Six sets the contract pace for other locals of the International Typographical Union throughout the country. The other locals look to the New York local, use its settlements as arguing and bargaining points, and if New York settles for less, locals elsewhere cannot get more.

TO SPEED processes and reduce costs, New York publishers are discussing the introduction of two principal new machines into their plants —one, a photo-composition device which would make up ads much faster, the other a teletype setter in which a perforated tape runs directly from a teleprinter into a linotype machine and is set automatically.

The teletype setter, for example, could be used effectively to set and get quickly into an afternoon paper closing stock market quotations as they are transmitted from the Associated Press.

'Both are forms of automation," Powers says, "meaning decreased work opportunities. We have never objected historically to the introduction of new methods. If you stand in the way of new machines, you get run over. But, they are one of the reasons we're asking for shorter hours and thinking about such measures as early retirement."

While the introduction of new mechanical methods is posing a problem, it is not blocking a settlement. The publishers are not demanding the installation of the machines at the cost of jobs held by craft union members.

The printers have a historic fear of the loss of jobs through the advance of technology or, as in the past, because of a depression. This accounts for their steady refusal to relinquish the process called "reproduction" or "bogus." Under a standard reproduction clause in every local TU contract, ads set and brought into a newspaper plant from an outside shop must be reset and paid for by the publisher even though the work is not to be used.

"However, more and more in recent years, the [international] officers have had good reason to suspect that a great many of the

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locals have been ignoring the reproduction clause in their practices," Paul Jacobs declared in a labor report this year to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. "There were rumors that a paper in Cleveland, Ohio, had fallen behind nine years in doing bogus, with the tacit approval of the local union, while another in St. Louis was allegedly backed up two years, again with the knowledge of the local union. Undone reproduction was evidently being exchanged for a variety of other benefits to the workers.

"No doubt the members exaggerate the amount of work gained through reproduction, but their fear of possible future unemployment keeps it as part of the union law," Jacobs said. "Even if doing 'dead horse' conflicts with his pride as a craftsman, or even if his local union never does it, the printer still wants it in the contract because some time in the future he may need it."

In New York, the publishers are seeking an extension beyond the present seven-day period in which reproduction must be done. The printers are not receptive to any change.

The printers' charges against the publishers on the level of overbearing personal treatment were an underlying cause of the strike. For example, they accused the publishers of frequently forcing them into arbitration even for minor disputes about working conditions. They said that in the past "talking things over" had been sufficient to satisfy both sides.

IT appeared that the results of the strike at best would be inconclusive, that if all nine papers survived, each expiring contract would renew the same struggle. "It should be noted," the Publishers Association of New York said, "that each dollar of added employment cost in a contract settlement is calculated to cost a total of $1,000,000 city-wide for all publishers."

The papers would continue to be preoccupied with the stabilization of costs, their staffs with the uncertainty of their employment.

Newspaper strikes, wild-cat walkouts, closings, one-paper cities have emerged as a staple of the American scene. Last week, as New York's printers marched on picket lines in 15-degree temperature, a strike by guild members and teamsters continued to shut down Cleveland's two dailies—the *Plain Dealer* and the *Press and News*. The publishers offered a $6 increase over two years. The Newspaper Guild asked for $15 and improvements in job security and seniority clauses.

In St. Louis, on Dec. 6, a sudden walkout by paper handlers curtailed the number of editions of the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch*.

During the past two or three years, newspapers have closed in Detroit, Los Angeles (two), Pittsburgh, Chicago. Once, New York numbered its dailies by the score.

No one foresees any reversal of this melancholy trend of decline.

Sacco-Vanzetti: The Missing Fingerprints . . *Fred J. Cook*

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, shortly after midnight in the morning of August 23, 1927, "the good shoemaker" and "the poor fish peddler" — Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti — went to their deaths in Massachusetts' electric chair in an execution that shocked the conscience of the civilized world. It is a tribute to the enormity of the deed that it gradually brought the electric chair in Massachusetts into virtual disuse and that even today, more than a third of a century later, it still retains the power sharply to divide in bitter controversy those moved by the tragedy of colossal injustice and those unable to conceive that authority ever could have been so blind, so wrong, so utterly perverted.

This clash between the conservative who clings to the sanctity of institutions and the liberal who clings to the sanctity of man is almost certain to be revived and stimulated to higher tempo by a new book by Francis Russell, *Tragedy in Dedham: The Story of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case*, a work that can only be described as a masterpiece of ambivalence. Here one finds, if not quite all, then nearly all, of the reasons for the deep-seated belief held by so many that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent; and here one finds also Russell's bland pronouncement that, had he been on the jury, he probably would have voted for their conviction. Here one finds Russell proclaiming that, from his own experience on a Dedham jury, he knew one thing — he would never have trusted the opinions of experts who usually testify for the side that pays them; and here one finds him relying in the end on the opinion of ballistics experts, whose partiality for the police had already been revealed, for his final split conclusion — Sacco was guilty, Vanzetti was not.

THE RUSSELL verdict is the last in a chain that, in recent months, has reappraised the Sacco-Vanzetti case from predominantly conservative viewpoints. The first of these late apologias for the officials and institutions of Massachusetts appeared in 1960 in *Sacco-Vanzetti: The Murder and the Myth*, by Robert H. Montgomery, a life-long Boston corporation lawyer, who concluded that, of all great lies, "the Sacco-Vanzetti Myth is the greatest lie of all." William F. Buckley, Jr., of the *National Review*, taking the Montgomery book for his bible, promptly proclaimed in an article in the *American Legion Magazine* that the trial had been fair and Sacco and Vanzetti

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were guilty. In a modification of this theme, James Grossman reasoned in a January, 1962, article in *Commentary* that Sacco was guilty, Vanzetti innocent. Now Francis Russell, fortified by new ballistics tests performed with the .32 caliber Colt found on Sacco when he was arrested, reaches the same conclusion which he qualifies only to this extent: he is certain the Sacco gun was one of two used in the brutal South Braintree holdup-murder, and if Sacco himself wasn't there, he must at least have known who was.

Such new assessments make it obvious that, after thirty-five years, the Sacco-Vanzetti case will not die. The fundamental questions that it posed then, it poses now. Were two utterly innocent men executed because a conservative society condemned them for their radical beliefs? Was justice twisted and perverted by those charged with its administration not because of what Sacco and Vanzetti had done, but because their beliefs made it seem that they were the kind of men who *could* have done it and so they *must* have? To ask such questions is to stir the old doubts and generate a compulsion, even at this late date, to hunt for the answers.

I

THE Sacco-Vanzetti case cannot be understood unless its basis is understood. It was not, as much Communist-inspired propaganda pictured it, a deliberate plot concocted by a capitalistic society to get rid of two dangerous immigrant anarchists. On the contrary, when it all started, the capitalistic society of Massachusetts was not even aware that two men named Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were in existence. The entire Sacco-Vanzetti case was a sheer accident of idea and circumstance, born in the brain of one man, Police Chief Michael E. Stewart of the town of Bridgewater.

The first plank in the platform of what became Stewart's theory resulted from an abortive holdup. On December 24, 1919, four gunmen tried to ambush a payroll delivery truck in Bridgewater. It was an amateurish, bungled attempt. The driver managed to jerk the payroll truck across the streetcar tracks; a convenient trolley intervened between truck and bandits; and the three highwaymen, who had been blazing away at the truck from the street, leaped back into their dark touring car and escaped. They left behind them two tenuous clues: their shotgun-firing leader was a man with a dark mustache; the license plates on the holdup car (the number had been jotted down by an eyewitness) had been stolen from Hassam's garage in Needham.

Chief Stewart was still following the vague trail of the Bridgewater holdup when, in the middle of his cogitations, on April 15, 1920, a far more heinous crime took place in South Braintree. Five men in a Buick touring car (Chief Stewart was already dedicated to the theory that the car used in Bridgewater was a stolen Needham Buick, though two witnesses had identified it positively as a Hudson) gunned down the paymaster and guard who had been carrying a $15,776.51 payroll to the Slater & Morrill shoe factory in South Braintree. The holdup killers, shooting up the town and spreading tacks on the road behind them to hinder pursuit, made good their escape.

As chance would have it, the South Braintree crime occurred at the precise moment when Chief Stewart, Pinkerton agents and immigration inspectors were turning up some curious angles that, Chief Stewart felt, might be related to the Bridgewater holdup attempt. The Pinkertons had located an improbable witness who claimed to have invented a crime machine. One look into this unlikely gadget, according to the inventor, would tell you just who committed any given crime. The Pinkertons, skeptical people, weren't very interested in the crime machine, but they were decidedly interested in the gossip its creator had picked up in the Italian community. According to this, the men involved in the Bridgewater holdup attempt had been Italian anarchists who had been living in a shack near the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy.

IN THE climate of the times, it was simple to picture anarchists as the authors of any and all crimes. U.S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer had launched his infamous Red raids, snaring in his indiscriminate dragnet all kinds of innocent bystanders. The anarchists had responded with widespread bombings of officials' homes, and deportations of radicals were an almost daily occurrence. It was a frenzy in which Chief Stewart himself had participated. He had assisted the Immigration Service in arresting six Italians charged with spreading literature advocating the overthrow of the government. One of them had been a man named Ferruccio Coacci.

Coacci had been employed in the Slater & Morrill plant in South Braintree, but after he was released on bail to await deportation, he had quit his job. He was to have reported to immigration officers in East Boston on April 15, 1920 — the day of the South Braintree holdup-murders — but he did not show up. He later telephoned immigration agents that his wife had been ill and he had stayed home to take care of her. Immigration contacted Chief Stewart, and the chief sent one of his men with an immigration inspector to an address in West Bridgewater where Coacci was living.

NOW OCCURRED the series of events that triggered Chief Stewart's suspicions. The Coacci family formerly lived in Quincy and had moved only relatively recently to West Bridgewater, occupying space in a house rented by another Italian, Mike Boda. Mysteriously, when the immigration inspector and Chief Stewart's patrolman called, it became apparent that Coacci's wife had not been so critically ill as to necessitate his absence in Boston on April 15. When the immigration official offered to have the deportation postponed for a week, Coacci wouldn't hear of it. He was packed and ready to go; he wanted, he said, to get back to Italy in time to see his sick father; and he left with the immigration man, his wife and children crying on the doorstep behind him. In the moment that Chief Stewart learned from his deputy of this strange conduct, the Stewart theory was born.

"Something hit me," he himself said in a 1952 interview. "The dates involved, the 15th deadline for Coac-

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ci's bond, the holdup and the phony illness."

Suspicion, so swiftly born, soon was fortified. The getaway Buick used in the South Braintree crime was found abandoned in a woods only about two miles from the house where Boda and Coacci lived. Its motor number showed that it was the Buick that had been stolen in Needham in November — the car, Chief Stewart already was convinced, that had been used in the Bridgewater fiasco. The license plates it had carried in South Braintree had also been stolen in Needham, just as had the plates used on the car in the Bridgewater holdup. Nothing more was needed to convince Chief Stewart that the Bridgewater and South Braintree holdups had been the work of the same gang — and that Coacci probably had had a hand in both. Unfortunately, Coacci was on the high seas, but Boda was still in West Bridgewater, still available, and Chief Stewart began to visit and question him.

Not welcoming these attentions, Boda skipped. But he left behind him a link: an old Overland car badly in need of repair. Chief Stewart, figuring that Boda would return for the car, arranged with the garage man to tip him off. It was a plan that was to produce two suspects of whom, at the time, Chief Stewart hadn't even heard. On the night of May 5, 1920, Boda called for his Overland. He was riding in the side seat of a motorcycle driven by one Ricardo Orciani; and, hovering in the background, were two mysterious, foreign-looking strangers. The garage man stalled about turning over the car to Boda because it had no license plates, and Boda and Orciani drove off into the night. The two mysterious strangers simply walked away, crossed a railroad bridge and boarded a trolley. Chief Stewart, alerted by a telephone call, had them picked up. They were Sacco and Vanzetti.

II

NOW began the torturing of evidence to fit the requirements of theory. There had been five men in the South Braintree payroll murders; and Stewart now had five suspects — Coacci, Boda, Orciani, Sacco and Vanzetti. The Stewart theory was based on the proposition that the same five men had been involved at both Bridgewater and South Braintree, and authorities now set out to prove the validity of this idea.

Sacco and Vanzetti, when arrested, were both armed, Sacco with a .32 caliber Colt, Vanzetti with a .38 Harrington & Richardson. Sacco's Colt had eight cartridges in the clip, one in the chamber; in his pocket were twenty-three loose cartridges of various makes. Vanzetti's gun was also loaded, and in his pocket police found four shotgun shells.

Admittedly, in their first questioning, Sacco and Vanzetti both lied. Vanzetti insisted they had gone to Bridgewater on the night of their arrest to visit a friend whom he could identify only as "Poppy" and whose right name and address he admitted he did not know. Both Vanzetti and Sacco denied knowing Boda and Coacci; Sacco denied knowing anything about a motorcycle; he tried to explain the revolver in his waistband and the extra shells by saying he had thought he would have some fun with friends shooting at targets in the woods. The prosecution later was to build a cornerstone of its case on the contention that these transparent lies showed a "consciousness of guilt" when all they may really have shown was a consciousness of fear.

The Red raids against anarchists were still going on. Only two days before the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti, an anarchist acquaintance, Andrea Salsedo, had plunged to his death from the window of the Department of Justice's offices in New York where he had been held incommunicado. Sacco and Vanzetti later were to contend that, as a result of Salsedo's death and the unrelenting drive against anarchists, they had been advised to collect and hide or destroy all incriminating radical literature possessed by themselves and their friends. It was for this purpose, they said, that they had wanted Boda's car, and they had lied when first questioned because they thought the police were persecuting them as anarchists and they did not want to involve their friends. It is an explanation at least as plausible as the state's dedication to "consciousness of guilt."

Convincing as this Stewart theory might sound in the abstract, it began to encounter difficulties almost the instant it was spot-checked against fact. One of the first and most significant of these conflicts involved the role of Orciani. The motorcycle driver was picked up on May 6, 1920, the day after the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti. Eyewitnesses positively identified him as one of the holdup men at both Bridgewater and South Braintree, and in Stewart's theory he was a key figure. Stewart has since insisted (as the prosecution, indeed, implied at one point during the Sacco-Vanzetti trial) that Orciani was one of the gunmen who shot down the South Braintree guard, Alessandro Berardelli; that he snatched Berardelli's gun, a Harrington & Richardson; and that this, indeed, was the very gun found in Vanzetti's pocket when he was arrested!

IN THIS reconstruction of the crime, Orciani was certainly a pivotal figure, and so it is instructive to see just what happened to him. Arrested on May 6, he was freed on May 12. Why? Because the time card in the small foundry where he worked gave him a perfect double alibi; it showed that he had been laboring at his regular job both on December 24, 1919, and April 15, 1920, the dates of the Bridgewater and South Braintree holdups.

Here, then, at the very outset, a warning flag was raised against the validity of the Stewart theory. Without Orciani, the theory could account for only four men where there had to be five; and if Orciani, so vital a figure in Stewart's calculations, could by a time card disprove those calculations, then logic clearly says the rest of the case of which he was such an integral part was infinitely suspect. But once the law embraces a theory and stakes its reputation upon it, logic no longer operates; rationalization takes over to sanctify what cannot otherwise be justified.

Chief Stewart had the perfect rationalization, one to which he has clung ever since. Someone, he theorized, "must have" punched the time clock for Orciani to give him an alibi —and "must have" punched it not

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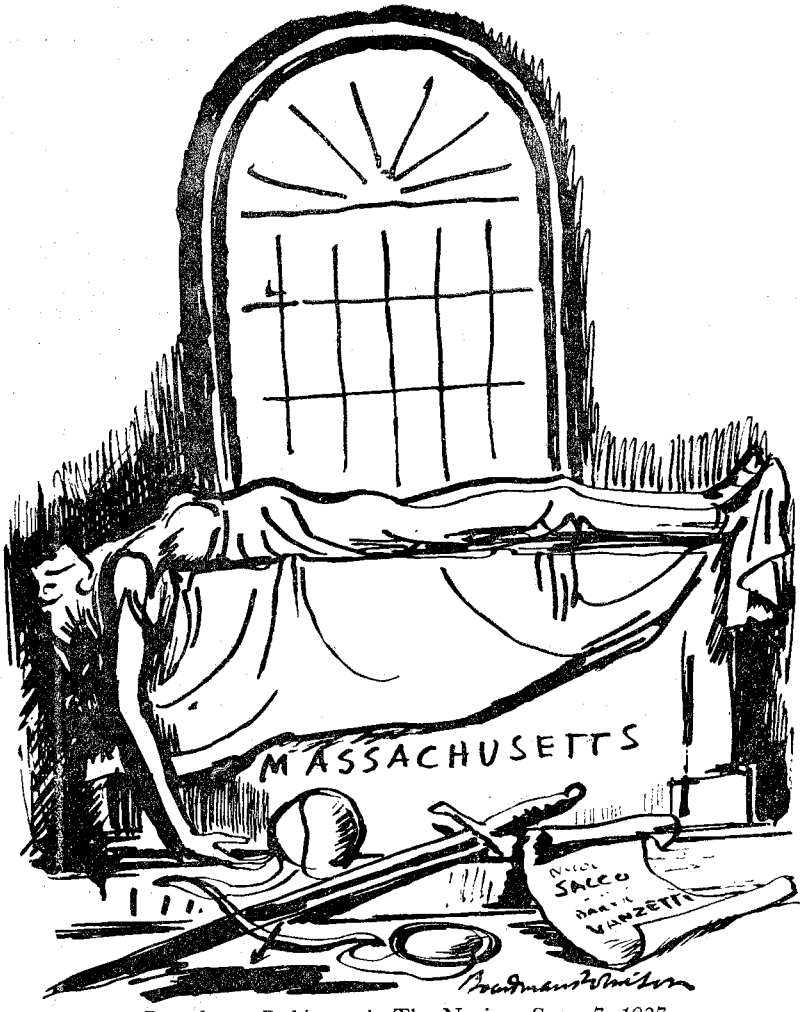

Boardman Robinson in The Nation, *Sept. 7, 1927*

on one day, but on two. It is a theory that Francis Russell seems to embrace *in toto*, yet it is a theory that flies in the face of reason. Anyone who knows how hard police can work to substantiate a hot theory and vindicate their own brilliance knows full well that no effort would have been spared in combing the Norwood foundry where Orciani worked to find his alleged accomplice and break down his alibi. And, indeed, the fact is that just such an effort was made—and it failed.

Tom O'Connor, the short and chunky dynamo of a newspaper man who first discovered the manner in which Stewart had built his theoretical case (See "New Light on an Old Story," *The Nation*, Sept. 22, 1926), recalls the police effort well.

> The foundry in which Orciani worked was a relatively small one [O'Connor says]. It probably employed something like twenty to twenty-five men, and state police checked with the owners and Orciani's boss trying to prove that someone had given Orciani a time-card alibi. But they couldn't do it. It would have been almost impossible in a small place like that, anyhow; a man would be missed. It's not like a shipyard with thousands on the payroll, where nobody would know the difference. But the police tried so hard to prove their theory the workers finally got up in arms. I remember on one occasion — I forget at just what stage of the case it was — the workers threatened to leave their jobs en masse and picket in support of Orciani. Can you imagine an entire factory doing this for an Italian immigrant if he was guilty?

Official imaginations, once committed, proved equal to the task. The freeing of Orciani, leaving a gaping hole in the Stewart version of events, did not shake faith in the overall verity of the version. Eyewitnesses had identified Vanzetti as the hold-up man who had run out into the street and fired both barrels of a shotgun at the Bridgewater payroll truck. And so Vanzetti went on trial in Plymouth.

NOT UNTIL long years afterward, almost on the eve of the executions, did the indefatigable Tom O'Connor make a momentous discovery—one that virtually destroyed the credibility of eyewitnesses in the entire Sacco-Vanzetti case. The journalist learned that the Pinkertons had been active in the investigation from the beginning, and following this trail he turned up original reports from Pinkerton agents about which prosecuting officials had been discreetly silent. One glance at these reports showed the reason for the reticence: the original recollections of eyewitnesses immediately after the event had little in common with the recollections they produced for the prosecution on the witness stand.

One witness, who had said originally he "did not get much of a look" and couldn't describe the shotgun-bandit's face, came into court and rendered a detailed and perfect description. Several others originally had described the distinguishing feature of the shotgun-sharpshooter's face as a black "close-cropped" mustache. Now there was nothing close-cropped about Vanzetti's mustache; it was probably one of the most luxuriant exhibits of its kind ever grown, and it drooped well down to the corners of his lips. And so, in the court testimony, a new word crept into the witnesses' lexicon. It is amazing how so many witnesses hit on the same word—"trimmed." The mustache, they all said, looked as if it might have been trimmed. Might have been! No one at any time ever produced any evidence that Vanzetti had ever indulged in such trimming, but in this case, against these anarchistic, radical foreigners, suggestion easily supplanted evidence.

Vanzetti did not take the stand in his own defense at Plymouth, relying entirely on alibi witnesses. These are usually as suspect and worthless as eyewitnesses, except in those rare cases where there is some positive, checkable point of reference. Vanzetti's was such a case. On December 24, from long custom, Italian

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immigrants dined on eels, and so this day was a big business day for fish-peddler Vanzetti. On the hour and day of the Bridgewater holdup, indeed, Vanzetti had such a demand for eels that he engaged his landlady's thirteen-year-old son, Beltrando Brini, to help him make deliveries on the streets of Plymouth. Brini testified for Vanzetti; and even today, more than forty years after the event, in an interview with Francis Russell, he appears utterly honest and convincing. Documentary evidence, later discovered, also supports Brini in establishing that Vanzetti could not possibly have been in Bridgewater. Shortly before the executions, pompous Cadillac-dealer and Governor Alvan T. Fuller sneered in disbelief at the Vanzetti alibi, remarking that the defense had not produced one shred of documentary evidence. Taking up the challenge, defense investigators scoured the Boston docks; and finally, among the fish dealers with whom Vanzetti dealt, they found one whose records disclosed a shipment of eels to Vanzetti—a shipment that, in time, coincided perfectly with Vanzetti's need to satisfy the traditional wants of his Italian clientele on December 24.

FROM these post-trial disclosures, there can be no doubt of Vanzetti's innocence in connection with the Bridgewater case. The implications of this are devastating. For the Stewart theory, the whole basis of the prosecution, was founded on the idea that the Bridgewater and South Braintree jobs were linked and that the same five men—Coacci, Boda, Orciani, Sacco and Vanzetti—were responsible for both. First Orciani had torn a huge gap in the theory; Vanzetti, in the Bridgewater case, tears another. But it is a tribute to the fanaticism with which officialdom, once committed, acquires a vested interest in error that the theory stood as pristine in its purity as the day it was born. Vanzetti was convicted in the Plymouth trial. His nemesis, Judge Webster Thayer, sentenced him to twelve to fifteen years at hard labor. The first hurdle for the prosecution had been cleared. Ahead lay a second trial for the South Braintree murders; ahead lay the path to the electric chair.

III

THE TRIAL in the Dedham courthouse was a replica of the trial in Plymouth, only on a vaster, more tragic and more prejudiced scale. Life itself was now at stake for Sacco and Vanzetti. Reputations, too, were at stake for the officialdom of Massachusetts. In *Tragedy in Dedham*, Francis Russell makes light of this final factor. His thesis is that the case, up to this time, had not attracted great attention in the Massachusetts press; it was not the burning issue it later became; and so District Attorney Frederick Gunn Katzmann, if he had lost it, would not have suffered greatly in reputation. This is specious reasoning at best. A murder trial is the supreme drama of the American courtroom. It generates its own unique atmosphere of tension. Gladiators battling for life and death in the Roman arena perhaps created such drama, but nothing else. The prosecution is asking the life of a man; it cannot ask it unless it is utterly committed—it *has* to be right. Every spectator knows that life itself is the issue, and so every word and every witness acquires an importance no other words and no other witnesses, in other circumstances, could ever acquire. The air itself at vital moments becomes taut and electric, charged with passions, tense with the supremacy of the issue; and the opposing lawyers and witnesses are prisoners of this atmosphere which makes the trial, while it lasts, the supreme event of their lives. In such circumstances, they play for keeps. They play for blood.

To suppose otherwise is to ignore reality. One does not have to have been physically present in the Dedham courtroom to know that a Katzmann who could have been fair and judicious, once he had committed himself to the contest, is a figment of Russell's imagination. Indeed, in his own book, the evidence abounds. The times and the passions of the times, which Russell describes so well, rode herd upon the verdict.

Lest there be any question, one has only to read the intemperate utterances of the presiding judge, the deity of the trial, the arbiter from whom the jury inevitably takes many a cue. From the opening day, it was obvious to observers in the courtroom that, for Judge Webster Thayer, Sacco and Vanzetti already had been judged guilty. Newspapermen and fellow members of the bar were shocked by the intemperate, off-bench remarks he dropped while the trial was in progress. Even in court, his bias was unmistakable. When a defense witness seemed to have scored a point, the judge took over the questioning from the prosecution, harrying the unfortunate victim on the witness stand with hectoring questions. At one point he made a remark so prejudicial and outrageous that he had it expunged from the official record and then demanded that newspapers that had printed it, retract. Capping all, of course, was his final, famous remark after he had denied defense motions for a new trial: "Did you see what I did with those anarchistic bastards the other day?" Such was the guardian of Massachusetts justice; and it is one of the most amazing examples of ambivalence in *Tragedy in Dedham* that Francis Russell, who reports all these incidents, nevertheless can conclude that Thayer "made an effort to conduct the trial fairly" and can pretend to believe that the obvious prejudice of the man on the bench did not wear off on the jury.

RUSSELL is equally charitable toward District Attorney Katzmann, whom he describes as a pompous man, but basically an "honest" one. This is a verdict that, it would seem, can be reached only by a strained definition of what constitutes honesty. Katzmann, trying men for their lives, could put a Pinkerton detective on the stand to testify from specially made "notes," never disclosing the existence of those basic, original reports that would have been so destructive to his case. Katzmann, trying men for their lives, could frame a question which misled judge and jury into the belief that a fatal slug had been fired from Sacco's gun. Capt. William Proctor, the State Police ballistics expert, disclosed in a post-trial affidavit that he had "repeatedly" told Katzmann he would say, if asked the direct question, he did *not* believe the shot came from Sacco's gun. So Katzmann had asked him if it was "consistent" with his

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findings that the shot came from Sacco's gun, and since Sacco's gun and the murder weapon were both .32 caliber Colts, Proctor could and did answer "Yes." But when Proctor filed his later affidavit for the defense, exposing the fraud, Katzmann did not deny it; he denied only that Proctor "repeatedly" had told him he did not think Sacco's gun was the murder weapon. One has to ask: Is this the kind of man on whom one bestows an accolade for honesty?

The ambivalence of Russell is graphically expressed in such judgments, in his conclusion that, had he been on the jury, he would probably have voted for conviction; for his carefully researched book presents at almost every turn the facts that deny his conclusions. Reading it, one is struck by the confusions and inconsistencies of the prosecution, by the palpable weakness of its case. Against Vanzetti, except for eyewitness testimony, there was nothing; and against Sacco, not very much.

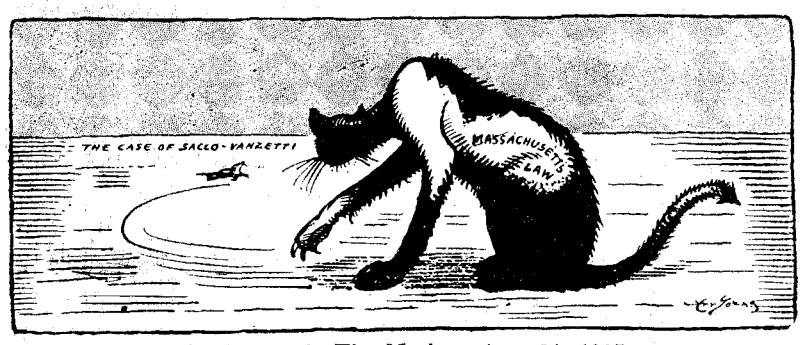
The prosecution made a strenuous effort to picture Vanzetti as the driver of the getaway Buick, only to see this thesis shattered on the rock of fact. First, Vanzetti did not know how to drive. Second, just too many of the prosecution's own witnesses described the driver as a pale, thin-faced, sickly looking man—a description that did not fit Vanzetti at all, but one that even Katzmann in the end had to accept as valid.

With Sacco, the prosecution had somewhat better luck because it had two specific items of what seemed like evidence. The first involved a cap that had been found at the scene of the crime—and Sacco was known to wear just such caps. The second involved the much-disputed .32 caliber Colt. In trying to tie these two pieces of evidence together, Katzmann indulged in a phantasmagoria of logic that made each part of his case incompatible with the other part. To understand this, one has to have the picture of the climactic murder action as the trial unfolded it.

THE Slater & Morrill paymaster, Frederick Parmenter, and his guard, Berardelli, had been carrying two cash boxes toward the factory when they passed a fence against which two dark, squat men were leaning. One man wore a felt hat, the other a cap. Keep an eye now on this man with the cap.

As the two payroll men passed, the man with the cap suddenly grappled with Berardelli. In the struggle, the attacker drew a gun and fired three shots into Berardelli's body. The guard crumpled. The man with the cap then whirled and fired twice at Parmenter, fatally wounding him. His partner, the man in the felt hat, dashed about the street, snatching up the cash boxes. While he was so engaged, the man in the cap whirled and pegged two shots at an eyewitness who seemed about to intervene.

At this juncture, the Buick touring car, its curtained sides flapping, came driving up. A man on the running board jumped off and ran toward the struggling Berardelli. He crouched over Berardelli and fired a final, fatal shot into the guard's body. Then he



Art Young in The Nation, *Aug. 31, 1927*

sprayed some shots at factory windows overlooking the site and jumped back into the touring car after the first two bandits.

Now, according to the prosecution, one of these three men active in this violent street scene was Sacco; but a peculiarity of the prosecution's case—and an indication of the irrational manner in which it was put together—may be found in the fact that, if you believe it, you have to believe Sacco was *two* of the men. First, he was the man in the cap who fired three shots into Berardelli. Katzmann labored mightily to prove that this man was Sacco. He showed that Sacco had had a cap of about the same size, color and appearance. He demonstrated from another cap found in Sacco's home that the two caps had a striking similarity. Sacco, when he went to work, hung his cap on a hook, and in putting it on the hook and taking it off, he had worn a hole in the back lining. Just such a tear in the back lining appeared in the cap found at the murder scene. So Sacco, for the prosecution, was the Man in the Cap. The only trouble was that the Man in the Cap had fired three bullets into Berardelli—and three bullets taken from Berardelli's body hadn't come from Sacco's gun; they had come from some strange, never-to-be-discovered revolver of different make and caliber. But the fourth bullet, the shot fired into Berardelli by the man who had leaped off the running board, was from a .32 caliber Colt just like Sacco's. So, if you believed the prosecution, Sacco had to be two men.

This is difficult enough to envision, but even more difficulties lay in the path of the prosecution. The Running-Board Sacco, as distinguished from Cap Sacco, climbed into the front seat beside the driver. As the getaway car moved off through South Braintree streets, he leaned out and touched off shots at every stray passer-by the car encountered. He snapped his pistol at one spectator the car almost ran down and bellowed, "Get out of my way, you son of a bitch!" A little later, when a railroad-crossing guard held up a stop sign and halted the Buick for a train, Running-Board Sacco leaned out and shouted, "What the hell are you holding us up for?"

The man who had been shot at and the gate tender both agreed that Running-Board Sacco had shouted at them in clear, unaccented, earthy English. But Sacco—the real Sacco—spoke only the most broken English. When he testified in court, he had to have the aid of an interpreter. It was a fact, one might think, that should have registered with the jury, that should have caused some vague qualms of conscience about sending

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two men to the electric chair. But it didn't.

What then was there left? Just two items of factual evidence, neither of which could be reconciled with the other: the cap and the gun.

IV

THE cap which the prosecution had tried so hard to tie to Sacco's head, which seemed at the time of the trial such a persuasive bit of evidence, turned out to be the most dubious evidence of all. In July, 1927, shortly before the executions, Tom O'Connor solved the mystery of the cap. He learned from ex-Chief Jeremiah F. Gallivan, of Braintree, that the cap had been given to Gallivan *two days after* the murder as one that had been found at the scene only *the night before*. Furthermore, that telltale tear in the back lining, of which the prosecution had made so much, hadn't been there when the cap was found. Chief Gallivan had made that tear himself, he said, looking to see if there were any identifying marks on the underside of the lining.

Gallivan was convinced that the cap had had no connection with the murder, but had probably fallen off the head of some spectator milling around the scene afterwards, and he so testified before the Lowell Advisory Committee that Governor Fuller had subsequently appointed. Chief Gallivan asked the committee: "Can any of you gentlemen make me believe that the hat lay there for thirty hours, with the state police, the local police and two or three thousand people there? . . . Do you mean to tell me that that hat lay on the ground for thirty hours with the state police there looking for shells, prints and anything else they could find?"

These questions, it would seem, effectively disposed of the cap. But if more were needed, it may be found in an artist's sketch reproduced in Russell's book, showing Sacco trying on the cap in the courtroom. The cap perches on top of his head, a tight and apparently poor fit. And yet, aside from the cap, in the category of positive evidence, there remained only the gun.

This should have been the most positive evidence of all, and it is one of the ironies of this tragic case that it became the most uncertain. Ballistics tests identify a gun. They are held by police experts to be infallible. Each gun, the experts assert, develops its own individual rifling and imposes its own individual trade mark on the bullets it fires. About this there should be no question, but about this, in the case at hand, there remain all kinds of questions.

THE doubts begin with Captain Proctor. He was one of the first ballistics experts in the nation, making his first test by shoving a bullet through the rifling of a gun. During the years, he had improved his technique and become the top-ranking expert in his field in Massachusetts. He knew that the fatal Berardelli bullet had been fired from a .32 caliber Colt like Sacco's, but he didn't believe it had come from Sacco's gun barrel. Even during the trial, he had remarked in the corridor of the courthouse that Katzmann was trying the wrong men. And, on another occasion, he told his friend, Harry C. Attwill, Attorney General of Massachusetts, "They've got the wrong men."

After Captain Proctor made his affidavit for the defense, it became quite the fashion—a technique Francis Russell adopts—to question his qualifications as an expert. It became the fashion to suggest that he had "other reasons" (and he may have had, as we shall see) for believing in the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti —and that these reasons warped his pure scientific judgment. Whatever the truth of this, one of the oddest features of this case is the manner in which fate has dealt with the ballistics experts who have tried to show that the mortal bullet was fired from Sacco's Colt.

The first of these experts to be deflated was Charles Van Amburgh, a firearms expert who testified positively that Sacco's gun was the murder weapon. In 1924, though Massachusetts remained unaware of it at the time, Van Amburgh's qualifications were called into doubt in a Connecticut case. A Catholic priest had been shot through the brain on a street in Bridgeport. A suspect was picked up. The suspect owned a gun of the same make and caliber as the murder weapon. Van Amburgh gave a positive opinion that the fatal slug taken from the priest's brain had come from the suspect's weapon. But other aspects of the case began to instill doubt in the mind of Homer S. Cummings, later to become U.S. Attorney General. Cummings, fortified by dissenting reports from six other ballistics experts, confronted Van Amburgh, got him to try to match the pictures by which he had compared the marks on a test bullet with those on the murder bullet—and demonstrated that the comparison was most inexact. The suspect who, on Van Amburgh's evidence, might have gone to the electric chair, was cleared.

Next came the case of Major Calvin Goddard, an expert who was one of the first to use a comparison microscope technique for bullet examination. Goddard entered the case during the struggle to obtain a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti. He concluded from his tests that the fatal Berardelli bullet had been fired from Sacco's gun and could have been fired from no other. Shortly afterwards, in 1927, Goddard was tripped up in a Cleveland case. A bootlegger had been murdered; a suspect arrested. Cleveland police sent Goddard two of the murder bullets and several test bullets fired from the suspect's gun; Goddard gave it as his opinion that this gun had fired the fatal shot. Unfortunately for his ranking as an expert, the suspect subsequently proved that he had not even purchased the gun until a month after the murder.

SUCH contretemps, if they do not bring into question the entire science of ballistics, do at least demonstrate that the science is dependent upon the impartiality and interpretation of the men who make the tests. A committed expert often ceases to be expert.

Though obviously aware of this pitfall, Francis Russell decided to try to arrive at the final truth of the Sacco-Vanzetti case by arranging for a new series of ballistics tests with Sacco's gun. He tried, but failed, to secure an impartial expert from a national ballistics association. Finally, he selected two New Jersey experts: Jac Weller, Princeton realtor and en-

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gineer, firearms consultant and honorary curator of the West Point Museum; and Lt.-Col. Frank W. Jury (U.S.A., retired), formerly in charge of the firearms identification laboratory of the New Jersey State Police.

Jury and Weller test-fired Sacco's old pistol on October 11, 1961. Subsequently, they submitted to Russell a report in which they held that the mortal Berardelli bullet "was fired in Sacco's pistol and in no other." It is largely on the basis of this report that Russell concludes Sacco was guilty, though Vanzetti was not.

FOR Russell, this new verdict seems to remove all doubts, but for others there are reasons to be more skeptical. A major reason is that Weller and Jury coauthored a revision of a standard text, *Firearms Investigation, Identification and Evidence,* published in 1957. In the preface, they paid personal tribute to Colonel Goddard, "who generously gave us the benefit of his unique experience," and in the body of the text they also bestowed a bouquet upon Van Amburgh for work that "was of great value to the cause of justice in the famous Sacco-Vanzetti" case. One section of the book, contributed by the Massachusetts State Police, contains comparison photographs of bullets designed to show that the mortal slug came from Sacco's gun. The whole tenor of the text in this section is that the ballistics evidence in the Sacco-Vanzetti case was unimpeachable. What this sequence says clearly was that the two experts whom Russell selected to make the 1961 test were men already aligned in sympathies with the two most controversial state experts in the case, Van Amburgh and Goddard; they were men who had already accepted as final truth the police version of the case. In such circumstances, their impartiality has to be called into question.

In the final analysis, then, one is left with a single fact—and a badly tarnished fact at that. If one is to decide that Sacco was guilty, as Russell does, one has to accept at full face the questionable ballistic evidence; one has to let this outweigh all else, all of the many bits of evidence that speak persuasively for Sacco and Vanzetti. For example,

SHADE OF BORGIA (reading Sacco-Vanzetti Case): *And I never thought of that!*

H. W. Van Loon in The Nation, *Aug. 31, 1927*

one must be able to ignore a happenstance alibi that, even in the atmosphere of the trial, one might have thought would have spoken most persuasively for Sacco.

Sacco had testified that he had gone to Boston on April 15 to arrange for his passport to Italy, and on the train ride back he had sat across the aisle from a man whom he did not know who had gotten off the train with him at Stoughton. Later, during the trial, Sacco recognized this man among the spectators in the courtroom. He turned out to be James Hayes, a mason and contractor in Stoneham and a town highway surveyor. Put on the stand, Hayes verified that he had been in Boston on April 15; he even had a time book to prove it, for, on that day, his brother had paid him $50 and he had gone into Boston to buy parts for his car. He testified, too, that he had been sitting in the train in the exact position that Sacco had described and that there had been a man sitting across the aisle from him; but he hadn't paid any attention to the man, he hadn't been aware of Sacco. His story, like many other details of the defense, has the ring of truth.

To all of this, there must now be added one other vital item, the most important that could be adduced—fingerprints.

READING Russell's exhaustively researched book, anyone familiar with police techniques is struck at once by this enormous, significant, incredible gap in the prosecution's evidence. The Buick getaway car, abandoned immediately after the South Braintree holdup, was found within two days. Since there was no testimony that any of the holdup

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men were wearing gloves—in fact, there was abundant evidence to the contrary, one witness even describing how Sacco's hairy hand had rested on the back of the front seat—there should have been fingerprints. And, if there had been, these should have established beyond question the identity of the men in the murder car. What had happened?

With the cooperation of Tom O'Connor who, as secretary to the Committee for the Vindication of Sacco and Vanzetti, has devoted most of his lifetime to the case, I researched the contemporary newspaper files. These quickly disclosed that fingerprint experts had examined the Buick and, apparently, had had considerable success. *The Brockton Times* of April 20, 1920, reported: "The car was brought to the Brockton police garage in City Hall Square, from where it was later taken to Boston by the state officers. *Photos of fingerprints were first made.*" (Italics added.)

ON THE following day, April 21, *The Brockton Times* returned to the theme. It wrote:

> The experts of the identification bureau of the state police were busy today making records of the fingerprint tracings and photographs taken from the bandit auto at the Brockton police station Monday noon in an effort to learn by this system if any one of the bandits had left a trace to indicate an identity as a man known to the criminal identification bureaus of the country as a professional "gun" in holdup or other work.

The wording of this paragraph would seem to indicate that several different sets of fingerprints had been obtained from the murder car. Significantly, the same news article discloses that Captain Proctor himself was at the time in overall charge of the detective work. On April 25, *The Brockton Times* was reporting that Captain Proctor and his detectives were hoping the fingerprint evidence would turn up some suspects. "This work represents one of the keener elements of the job of fixing the identity of the bandits," the *Times* reported. "If fingerprints from the bandit car show favorably in comparison with those of any gunman known to the criminal experts, a most valuable clue will have been obtained."

Clearly, fingerprints had been secured in sufficient number and clarity to represent, for trained detectives, the major hope of breaking the case. Then, out of the blue, as a result of Stewart's theory, Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested. What happened next remains one of the most significant, yet generally ignored, aspects of the case.

On May 6, the day after the arrests, *The Brockton Times* reported that Inspector George C. Chase was "at the State House" making a comparison of the fingerprints of Sacco and Vanzetti "with the fingerprint records taken off the South Braintree bandit car April 20 at the Brockton police station." This reference, obviously, was no journalistic slip, for the following day the *Times*, in the last two paragraphs of a long story, spelled out the angle involving the comparison of fingerprints far more explicitly. It reported that a conference of officials of the district attorney's office and high police officials had been held, and it added:

> Inspector George C. Chase has completed the comparisons of fingerprints taken since the arrest of the suspects and the marks obtained off the bandit car as directed by Eddie Sherlock, the state police expert on criminal identification. Nothing is stated about the result. It is kept a close secret. . . .

And it has remained a close secret ever since. From that day to this, fingerprints have never been mentioned in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti case. In the six-volume, two-and-one-half-million-word record of the trial and subsequent motions, there is no mention of fingerprints. In all the books and literature on the subject, no writer appears to have been aware of this long-hushed-up matter of the fingerprints.

Francis Russell, when apprised of this gap in his account, dismissed it. "As for the matter of the hidden fingerprint report that Mr. Cook makes so much of," he wrote, "there isn't any. The fact is that the getaway car was driven and handled by so many people before the state police arrived to make fingerprint examinations that the result was negative. Any pertinent fingerprints had long since been obliterated—if they had existed."

This may indeed be the official version, but it simply does not square with the facts as they existed *before* the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti. On five different occasions, *The Brockton Times* made specific reference to the existence of fingerprints; its information, obtained from police sources, indicated indeed that they represented the major hope for breaking the case. Then with the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti, "comparisons" were made—and, after that, silence. This has to be judged the single most important aspect of the Sacco-Vanzetti case; for, in all its implications, it is utterly destructive of the prosecution's thesis.

Certainly, if Sacco's and Vanzetti's prints had been obtained from the murder car, the fingerprint evidence would have become the major, irrefutable item in the state's arsenal of proof. Obviously, Sacco's and Vanzetti's prints were not on the murder car. This is negative evidence, but logic does not stop here. There had been five men in the Buick. Stewart's theory accounted for five men—not just Sacco and Vanzetti, but Boda and Coacci and Orciani as well. If Stewart's theory was correct in *any* of its particulars, it is inconceivable that the fingerprints of some of those five would not have shown.

HOW important this would have been to the prosecution, how gleefully the prosecution might have been expected to introduce such irrefutable, corroborative evidence may be understood only if one understands how hard the state labored at the trial to support Stewart's theory. At the outset, during an initial tour of the scene, the jurors were shown Coacci's house, which was described to them as "the headquarters of the bandit gang." During the trial, the prosecution strove desperately to spell out the links between Sacco and Vanzetti on the one hand, and Boda, Coacci and Orciani on the other. Boda's name is mentioned on thirty-two pages of the record, Orciani's on eleven, Coacci's on eight. Yet, in the end, even the state had to admit it had no positive proof of the alleged connection.

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Fingerprints should have provided that proof, and the crowning hallmark of an unprincipled prosecution may be found in the extreme care the state took to avoid all mention of the issue. Inspector Chase, for example, was summoned to the witness stand. Was he asked what his comparison study of the fingerprints showed? He was not. His direct examination takes only a half page of the record; he was asked only to tell how Sacco and Vanzetti were photographed after their arrest. No questions were asked Chase or other police witnesses about the development of fingerprints from the bandit car — the prints that, as we learn from *The Brockton Times*, were developed and were considered probably the most important single clue in the case up to the very moment of the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti.

THE picture that emerges is quite clear. There were five men in the Buick. It is possible that, by a freak of chance, the prints of the cardinal two, Sacco and Vanzetti, might have been obliterated. But it is hardly conceivable that the prints of *all five* men whom Stewart's theory placed in the Buick would fail to show; nor is it conceivable that, if *any* of them had showed, the state would have refrained from introducing into evidence this vital corroborative detail to support its highly tenuous thesis. That fingerprints were never mentioned at the trial, before the Lowell Committee, before Governor Fuller—that they were buried and forgotten, never produced—can mean only one thing: those prints must have placed other men, men for whose presence the state could not account, in the car that the Stewart theory had already crammed to its running boards with Boda, Coacci, Orciani, Sacco and Vanzetti.

Viewed in this perspective, the performance of Captain Proctor takes on new meaning and significance. He had been in complete charge of the investigation in its early stages. He knew about the fingerprints; he knew what they did — and didn't — disclose. It is known that he warned Katzmann before the trial that Stewart had the wrong men. He muttered during the trial that Katzmann was trying the wrong men. It has been generally assumed that this dissent by Proctor was based upon his skepticism about the ballistics evidence and some vague feeling he had that a professional underworld gang had pulled the South Braintree job. Unfortunately, Proctor died shortly after signing his post-trial affidavit for the defense, before he could be questioned by the Lowell Committee; but the discovery of the trail of the long-suppressed fingerprints puts his conscientious demurer against the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti in a new light. Captain Proctor was not just guessing about their innocence. Of a certainty, he *knew*.

V

WITH THE conviction, the highest officials in Massachusetts achieved a vested interest in error. Throughout the world, Massachusetts and Massachusetts' justice were being denounced. Communist agitators touched off angry demonstrations in front of American embassies abroad. Anarchist bombings at home menaced officials who had had any connection with the case. This agitation, this violence, this virtual world-wide frenzy, forced the officialdom of Massachusetts, like a turtle, into its hardened protective shell. Officialdom now could not afford any frank acknowledgment of error; it had to justify itself, it *had* to be right. And so Sacco and Vanzetti *had* to die.

Admittedly, they were two quite different men: Sacco, more of a peasant type, a man who had to work with his hands, a man more limited in intelligence than Vanzetti and the more radical anarchist (his wife was harboring the sister of the bomb-planter killed in the bombing of Attorney General Palmer's home in Washington); Vanzetti, the intellectual, the philosopher, a poor fish peddler touched with genius and possessing, even in the unfamiliar English tongue, a poet's feeling for the sheer cadence and beauty and meaning of words. Facing extinction for a crime he had not committed, he could express himself to Phil Stong, a visiting reporter, in words that have been compared for their eloquence to the Gettysburg Address:

> If it had not been for this thing, I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man, as now we do by an accident.
>
> Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives — lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler — all!
>
> That last moment belong to us — that agony is our triumph.

Francis Russell comments that even this final and hideous triumph was a delusion; that Sacco and Vanzetti died believing that their martyrdom would further the cause of anarchism, a faith that is now utterly dead. In this he sees the final futility of their tragedy; but this, again, is not the whole story. For Vanzetti was not so far wrong when he envisioned that final moment of a hideous death as a force that would work "for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man."

Shortly after the executions that so shocked the world, the Massachusetts Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty was formed. A prime mover in its organization was Mrs. Herbert H. Ehrmann, wife of the assistant counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti, and the original support came from many conscientious citizens whose sense of justice had been outraged in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Through the years, the movement thus launched has gathered force in Massachusetts. On two occasions the Legislature actually passed bills softening the provisions of the first-degree murder statute, but the measures died on the Governor's desk.

What the council has not been quite able to accomplish by legislation, however, it has virtually accomplished in practice by the force of public opinion. Executions in Massachusetts, as a result of its forceful campaigning, have diminished gradually in number; and, since 1947, the death penalty has not been invoked—the electric chair has sat silent and unused. It is no trifling legacy to have been left by "the good shoemaker" and "the poor fish peddler" who died "for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Well-Tempered Cogitator

THE VIKING BOOK OF APHORISMS. Edited by W. H. Auden and Louis Kronenberger. The Viking Press. 405 pp. $6.50.

Robert Hatch

THIS Anglo-American editorial collaboration is a pleasant book to have around the house. It is handsome, with a blue binding liberally stamped in gold and one of those luxurious silk place ribbons; the type is clean and given space on the page, and my only objection is to the paper, which is the color of coffee ice cream and a note of artiness in an otherwise elegant volume.

In a brief foreword, Mr. Auden and Mr. Kronenberger distinguish between the aphorism and the more familiar epigram. An epigram may be singular in its application (the editors cite: "Coolidge opened his mouth and a moth flew out."), whereas an aphorism must be universal, or at least invariably true within its area of reference. An epigram must be brief and witty; an aphorism may extend itself, and need not grin.

Aphorisms, the editors continue, are an aristocratic form of expression; a form that disdains argument or explanation. For this reason, they add, an aphorist who adopts a folksy style or "democratic" diction is a "cowardly and insufferable hypocrite." This judgment is so sharp as to suggest that the editors have in mind some exceptionally odious offender—not, I hope, Petroleum V. Nasby or Finley Peter Dunne.

A final distinction that Mr. Auden and Mr. Kronenberger might have noted is that a collection of aphorisms is much easier to live with than a similar volume of epigrams. In the mass, the latter are so bright and crisp, so self-satisfied and relentlessly one up on the reader as to be truly insufferable.

THE BOOK is organized, as is usual with such compilations, under a number of headings that relate to widely shared human experiences: "Religion and God," "Nature," "Education," "Love, Marriage and Friendship," "Ages of Man," etc. Some such arrangement is indispensable as an editorial ground plan for a labor that would otherwise sprawl to chaos; it also has the virtue that a reader who wishes to ruminate on, say, "History," or "Life's Minor Pleasures and Trials," can readily turn to a concentration of wisdom on the topic. I find that I rarely have this impulse and that a gathering of noble and succinct observations on a single theme soon becomes monotonous and depressing. I prefer to work from the index, pursuing a mind through many fields, meeting new intelligences, or being surprised by new facets of familiar ones. I should not, for example, have expected from Bismarck the candor of: "When you say that you agree to a thing on principle, you mean that you have not the slightest intention of carrying it out in practice."

Oscar Wilde is an obvious name to check and it is no surprise to find a long list of citations (25). What may be surprising, given Wilde's reputation for verbal annihilation, is the sobriety, even melancholy, of his aphoristic tone. "One can always be kind to people about whom one cares nothing," and "No man is rich enough to buy back his past," are examples.

Wilde is by no means the top scorer in the Auden-Kronenberger sweepstakes: Nietzsche, Samuel Johnson and Goethe, in that order, are the winners. "The thought of suicide," says Nietzsche, "is a great consolation: with the help of it one has got through many a bad night." It might be added that much reading of Nietzsche's aphorisms conduces to thoughts of suicide.

Other wits and sages whose insights appear with predictable frequency are Samuel Butler, G. K. Chesterton, Ralph Waldo Emerson, La Rochefoucauld, George Santayana, George Bernard Shaw and Alfred North Whitehead. Saint Augustine, Max Beerbohm, Disraeli, Dean Inge, Macaulay, Lady Mary Montagu, Shakespeare, Sydney Smith and Voltaire are all represented, but not with the frequency that their reputations for apt phrasing might lead one to expect.

A very frequent contributor (forty-four items) is Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, whom I had known only as a name. I have now looked him up and find that he was an eighteenth-century German physicist who directed a penetrating wit against certain scholastic contemporaries and wrote an appreciation of Hogarth's engravings. It is not obvious to me why Auden and Kronenberger quote him so generously; his aphorisms, I feel, often lack another essential of the form — a directness and clarity that enforce instant acceptance. Lichtenberg leans toward this sort of fancy work: "We don't see words in nature but always only the initial letters of words, and when we set out to spell, we find that the so-called new words are in their turn merely the initial letters of others." I find myself spelling that out with some resentment; on the other hand, I am much in his debt for: "Astrology fosters astronomy. Mankind *plays* its way up."

Eric Hoffer appears in the volume eighteen times, and I am glad of it, for the author of *The True Believer* is endowed with an implacable perspicacity that is too little known. Here is a sample of how he thinks: "Great evils befall the world when the powerful begin to copy the weak. The desperate devices that enable the weak to survive are unequaled instruments of oppression and extermination in the hands of the strong."

THE gift for aphoristic expression does not seem to be deserting us, notwithstanding widespread opinion that the style of our thought and speech has sadly declined. Running hastily through the index, my eye picked out, in addition to Hoffer, the names of twenty people now living; there are undoubtedly more, since a good many of those listed are unknown to me. Even allowing for the fact that contemporaries may have an advantage in the topical force of their utterances, this is a respectable showing in a book that draws on more than 2,000 years of Western culture.

The contemporary entries provide the most surprises: for example, who would expect fifteen contributions from Hannah Arendt and only four from Aldous Huxley? Dr. Arendt is a very adept practitioner, viz: "Poets are the only people to whom love is not only a crucial, but an indispensable experience, which entitles them to mistake it for a universal one."

There is no tidy way to end this review. The book has the fascination of peanuts; one could roam back and forth through its pages, jotting down comments, as long as time and space permitted. I shall seek out three more aphorisms and call it a day:

> Truth is beautiful. Without doubt; and so are lies. *Emerson.*
>
> When a man dies, he does not just die of the disease he has; he dies of his whole life. *Charles Pierre Péguy.*
>
> Watch the faces of those who bow low. *Polish Proverb.*

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Art Books of 1962: Part II

Hilton Kramer

Ancient, Prehistoric and Primitive Art

THE ETERNAL PRESENT. Vol. I: The Beginnings of Art. By S. Giedion. Pantheon. 588 pp. $12.50.

Probably the most important theoretical work published this year. The celebrated author of *Space, Time and Architecture* and *Mechanization Takes Command*, heretofore known primarily as an architectural historian, undertakes an ambitious re-definition of prehistoric (or what the author usually calls primeval) art, the art of the paleolithic epoch. The book is thus an inquiry into the origins of art, but an inquiry written out of the aesthetic and historical consciousness of modern culture and which seeks above all to establish some fundamental relation between constancy and change in man's creative impulse. The roles of abstraction and symbolism, the concepts of space and materiality, the use of line and color and mass, and their direct relation to the rituals and material conditions of prehistoric culture are explored in exacting detail. The book may be seen as an elaborate continuation of Worringer's *Abstraction and Empathy* (1908), written in the light of a half-century of abstract art, cultural anthropology and psychoanalysis.

Professor Giedion's formal analyses of paleolithic art are those of a connoisseur whose eye has been trained by Cubism and Expressionism, and his speculations are those of a mind trained in German philosophy and saturated in the symbology of Jungian archetypes. Noting that Worringer was of the same generation as Picasso and Braque, Giedion remarks: "The historian who — in his own field—is nourished and tormented by the same forces as the artist fulfills a special function: he can give many searching minds direction and confidence"; and he obviously takes this role for himself. The book contains more than 500 illustrations, ranging from line cuts to color plates to special photographs supervised by the author himself in the caves of France and Spain. Volume II will deal with Sumer and Egypt.

PERSIAN ART: The Parthian and Sassanian Dynasties, 249 B.C. — A.D. 651. By Roman Ghirshman. Translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert and James Emmons. Golden Press. 344 pp. $25.

Though an independent and beautiful volume on its own, this book constitutes Volume III in the series called "The Arts of Mankind," edited by André Malraux and Georges Salles. It is said to be the first full-scale survey of the 900-year period, from the death of Alexander the Great to the Moslem conquest, during which the Parthians and Sassanians extended Persian rule from the Danube to the Chinese frontier. The art of this civilization — mostly sculpture, but also including a wide variety of reliefs, wall paintings and decorative objects — is an amazing and monumental synthesis of Greek and Asian elements. The author is an archaeologist and historian who also has a keen eye for aesthetic detail; his style is factual and clear, and happily not given to Malrauxesque flights of metaphysical speculation. The plates —538, with 142 in color—are magnificent, and follow the clear graphic style, with the emphasis on mat black-and-white contrasts, of *The Voices of Silence.* Some of the bronze objects, printed in metallic inks, are particularly well done. *Afiçionados* of sculpture will find the book of special value, quite apart from its historical interest.

GREEK BRONZES. By Jean Charbonneaux. Translated from the French by Katherine Watson. Viking. 164 pp. $5.

A useful handbook on the history and techniques of Greek bronzes by a curator of the Louvre. The book includes information on reproductions and fakes as well as a guide to the principal collections. The plates are small and indifferently printed, but are a necessary adjunct to the text. Anyone who has peered into those crowded museum cases of bronze figurines and felt some curiosity about their relation to the monumental works of Greek art will find all the obvious (if not the ultimate) questions answered by a scholar.

PRIMITIVE ART: Its Traditions and Styles. By Paul S. Wingert. Oxford. 421 pp. $7.50.

Writings on primitive art tend to suffer from a schizophrenic division of loyalties between pure and unfettered aesthetic response and a flattening, highly unaesthetic fidelity to anthropological fact. Professor Wingert's study succeeds in bridging the gap between these approaches by establishing for the reader exactly what it meant to be an artist in each of the areas he covers. Africa, Oceania and Indian America form the main focus, and the emphasis throughout is on the motives and morphology of style within the functions of each individual culture. It is a book written for the layman by a specialist; the style is not always felicitous, but a great deal of information is conveyed in a relatively short space. The 126 black-and-white plates are not well printed, but they serve well enough and are usefully integrated with the text. Likely to become a basic book on the subject.

PRIMITIVE ART. By Douglas Fraser. Doubleday. 320 pp. $7.50.

A shorter book covering much the same material as Professor Wingert's, written by a former student of Wingert, now a colleague, at Columbia. It includes fifty-nine color plates, rather brassy and artificial-looking, in addition to mediocre black and whites. Fraser extends his study to include the pre-Columbian art of Mexico, Central and South America, omitted from Wingert's book. The volume as a whole is an uneasy compromise between its gift-book packaging and a text which is serious but constantly strains to encompass more material than can be fiitted into its modest scale.

AFRICAN SCULPTURE. By Denise Paulme. Translated from the French by Michael Ross. Viking. 160 pp. $5.

The author is director of the African section of the Paris Musée de l'Homme. The book, like its companion volume above, is primarily a factual guide to the technical, regional and stylistic aspects of the subject. It will be useful to readers who already have an aesthetic interest in African sculpture but wish to gain a more scientific understanding of its physical and tribal origins.

Studies of the Masters

HOGARTH AND HIS PLACE IN EUROPEAN ART. By Frederick Antal. Basic. 270 pp. 301 plates. $15.

It is unlikely that any other English artist, major or minor, has been subjected to such a painstaking effort to integrate his work into the mainstream of European art. The late Frederick Antal was a sociological art historian, more or less Marxist in orientation, who always took a large, panoramic view of his subjects, locating the specifically visual components of art history within the context of all the political, economic, social and literary forces most likely to have affected their destiny. Hogarth, as an artist of pre-eminently social subjects, lends himself to this approach more readily than most artists, and this study, left unfinished at the time of Antal's death

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a few years ago, places Hogarth's art in the world of eighteenth-century art and ideas with a clarity no other writer has attained. But Hogarth's artistic achievement is assumed from the start, and not really argued; the materials on which to base an aesthetic valuation are assembled, but it has been left to others to make the case for Hogarth as an artist who not only represents his era in a particularly crucial way but transcends it as well. My own opinion is that Antal exaggerated Hogarth's achievement out of all proportion to its actual effect on the development of European art. Yet the book is immensely valuable. Anyone interested in eighteenth-century English literature will also find it of great interest.

CARPACCIO, PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS. By Jan Lauts. Translated from the German by Erica Millman and Marguerite Kay. New York Graphic Society. 309 pp. $18.

The latest addition to the Phaidon series of definitive catalogues of the old masters. The short text is a concise study of the Venetian painter, and there are detailed comments, with bibliographical references, to each of the plates. The 260 illustrations (eighteen in color) are very good.

American Art

THAT WILDER IMAGE: The Painting of America's Native School from Thomas Cole to Winslow Homer. By James Thomas Flexner. Little, Brown. 407 pp. $15.

The series of books on American art, including *First Flowers of Our Wilderness* and *The Light of Distant Skies* as well as studies of Copley and Stuart, which Flexner has produced over the years constitutes the only thing we have in art history comparable to Van Wyck Brooks's "Makers and Finders" series on American literature. This latest addition to the series is in some ways the most ambitious, covering as it does so many central figures: Cole, Durand, Church, Bierstadt, Hunt, Inness, Homer and, in fact, all the major painters of the Hudson River school, of the Indians, and of the other principal themes of the period. An enormous amount of material is encompassed, and the emphasis is always on the relation of the art to its social milieu. Considering the poor state of writing on American nineteenth-century art, we should perhaps be grateful for this ambitious study. Yet it embodies so many of the traits that make most writing on this period an irrelevant bore — above all, the refusal to look at the paintings themselves with the heightened vision of our time, or indeed, with anything approaching modern sophistication — that even its virtues leave one exasperated. The writing is gentlemanly and unemotional, full of interesting facts and dull observations, and in the end not really equal to the excitement of the material. Yet what else is there to recommend on this period? We shall undoubtedly go on reading Flexner until some more enterprising writer, who feels more at home in the twentieth century but no less interested in the art of the nineteenth, turns his attention to this crucial native tradition. The illustrations, in black and white, are mediocre but follow the text in a useful way, and the text is handsomely printed.

THE ARTIST'S VOICE. By Katharine Kuh. Harper & Row. 248 pp. $7.50.

What should have been a valuable record of talks with seventeen artists living in America turns out to be very disappointing. It will interest only those who have not yet studied very deeply the art of the participants, who include Albers, Calder, Stuart Davis, Duchamp, Gabo, Hofmann, Hopper, Lipchitz and Tobey among the more celebrated. Miss Kuh is herself a sophisticated observer of the contemporary scene and currently art critic for the *Saturday Review,* but for some reason she has adopted a posture of cultural innocence in these talks which insures their never straying from the superficial. If she had been more willing to be herself in these exchanges, perhaps the artists would have felt more of an obligation to probe something deeper than the tops of their heads. As it is, we are given a pleasant, chatty book which tells us nothing we did not already know.

Drawings

MASTER DRAWINGS: In Private Collections. By Eric Van Schack. 90 pp.
EXTRAVAGANT DRAWINGS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: From the Collection of the Cooper Union Museum. By Richard P. Wunder. 107 pp. Lambert-Spector. Dist. by So. Illinois Univ. Press. $8.75 ea.

Elegant and beautiful books devoted to elegant and beautiful examples of the draftsman's art. Each contains a knowledgeable introduction and interesting notes on each drawing. About seventy-five drawings in each, well printed. The volume of eighteenth-century extravagances from the Cooper Union collection will be of interest to specialists in decorative detail. The volume of *Master*

(*Continued on page 456*)

THREE POEMS . .

IN THE "new wave" of Soviet Russian poets Andrei Voznesensky, 28, and a graduate from an architectural college, is considered the most inventive, original and "modern" even by his now world-famous rival and friend Yevgeni Yevtushenko. Voznesensky's first book of poems, *Mosaica,* appeared three years ago—"winning," as Yevtushenko tells us, "instant acclaim and rising like a rocket into the starry firmament of poetry." Space-travel metaphors seem to be popular with Russians trying to describe his work: the Soviet critic Korneli Zelinski has called him "a poet of the generation of cosmonauts," and he himself does sometimes seem to be obsessed by geometrical and astro-technical terminology.

To a Western reader, Voznesensky's poetry seems strongly influenced by such great classics of European modernism as Apollinaire, with his Cubist mind-jumps and juxtapositions, and Eliot of the "composite image." It is also probable that Voznesensky knows contemporary Polish poetry, as some of his own poems get into print only in Polish translations.

However, Voznesensky's other, less self-consciously progressive and futuristic vein, represented here by a poem on railroads, women and the moon, has produced work of striking simplicity and "blues" feeling. It seems even closer to contemporary concerns in American poetry than his long sequence on his visit (with Yevtushenko) to New York in 1960, "The Three-Cornered Pear," which appeared in the Russian literary magazine *Znamya* early this year.

The young woman referred and spoken to in the other two poems is a kind of recurrent "dark lady" in his poems: "There was a girl once/in our street,/ she studied, too/we passed through exams/hand in hand./But then/theDevil took me . . ./Above me now/the Tiflis sky/and its ambiguous jewels. . ." She obviously represents Russian youth in the present period of transition, its doubts, quandaries, general "lostness"—but also, its strong belief in progress toward a new, and clearer, way of life, based on a "humanized technology." The references to "builders" and "pygmies" in the poem "Who Are You?" correspond to terms commonly used in the Soviet version of the Two Cultures controversy, humanist culture vs. the New Men. Voznesensky, being an architect, and one with an almost fanatical distaste for the Stalinist neo-Victorianisms, feels himself to be a personal synthesis of these, to him, largely imaginary antipodes.

ANSELM HOLLO

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. . ANDREI VOZNESENSKY (Anselm Hollo, Translator)

Who Are You?

What are we: poker chips or great men?
Cells of genius in the blood of this planet —
Indivisible: no "builders," no "poets"
"Pygmies" — or hipsters, passing the word:

Whatever we do, the smallpox of time won't get us!
"Who are you?" — it is like a punch in the face,
All of a sudden: sucked forward, we go
The cinders are flying back from our heels.

Who are you, who are you? Then, all of a sudden?
Aphrodite is itching to cast off her cloak. . . .
Starlings scurry to mate with strong crows —
Architects! open your mouths, to build a new poem.

And the poet-girls, running, running, the thaw
in their palms
Toward the trembling black grove. . . .
But you?
For months on end you've been aiming at stars
& tramping the roads. You finished your school
You cut off your tresses, became a sales girl and
gave that up.
And again & again, repetitiously, like children's games. . . .
I see you
there, surrounded by posters and slogans
A lost, tiny woman, and out of breath. . . .

Who are you? who? as sadly you stare at the books
Into the windows — but who, who are you there?
Or bending, over a microscope, or likewise over
The pupils, immobile, of those men's eyes. . . .

But I am with you, lost with you, Vera, Vega!
Even I am impossible, among the avalanches of white —
As impossible to track down as the Snowman
In the great Himalayas.

Where Are You?

You live with your aunt.
She loves *canzoni*.
She sneezes.
She likes to wear masculine
Underwear.
O we hate her,
The damned old hag. . . .

O we're good friends with the old couch.
As one is friends with a peacably-minded bear.
It keeps us warm, like a breast in a palm
And there's this smell
Of beehives,
Beehives among the trees

—but in Susdal it's Easter!
but in Susdal there are great crowds
there is laughter, there are wheeling
swarms of crows —

Through my cheek you are telling me your childhood
Whispering, of a child in that village, of suns
And horses, and beehives, resplendent like icons.
That sheen of honey is still on your hair. . . .

I live in Russia — surrounded by snow and Saints.

December 22, 1962

You Sit There

You sit there, big with child and pale.
There have been changes made.
You sit there, tugging at your skirt and
wanting to cry.

Yes. What on earth
do they get out of it? Women
falling, letting us enter as they fall
upon us — then, later, running to see us
go by at the crossing, then, later, staying
staying, when the last carriage has passed.

How you ran, after that train.
Staring at windows blurred into streaks of black glass.
Chabarowsk, Lyuberetzk
express trains, mail trains, all go
rumbling by.

And from Moscow to Ash'habad
— stricken: to the point of muteness
stone-like, these women stand
offering their big bellies to the moon.
And, as it is turning toward the light
in its nightly existence, unlived,

How well it can understand them,
that planet
heavy with an enormous pale belly. . . .

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(Continued from page 454)

Drawings is a more general survey from Fra Bartolommeo to Bonington.

EPSTEIN DRAWINGS. Notes by Lady Epstein. Introduction by Richard Buckle. World. 150 pp., 64 plates. $7.50.

Anyone with an interest in Epstein's sculpture will naturally want to look at these drawings, yet the book itself is a curiously insubstantial affair. The short introduction says nothing the educated reader is not already likely to know, and Lady Epstein's notes are scattered and incomplete. The drawings are of great interest, but expensive at this price, and one surely wants to see them in much greater numbers.

Picture Books

LONDON PERCEIVED. Text by V. S. Pritchett. Photographs by Evelyn Hofer. Harcourt, Brace & World. 116 pp. $15.

Pritchett's text is so very much alive with the past history and present life of London that it quite reverses the usual order of interest in books of this type. He is, of course, an accomplished travel writer as well as a critic and short story writer, and in turning to his native capital he has produced a small classic. Miss Hofer's photographs, though magnificently printed, are not really in the same class. She does well with parks and trees, or wherever the human element can be by-passed, but she has a lamentable tendency to photograph people as if they were a species of decaying sculpture. Miss Hofer will be remembered for her photographs in Mary McCarthy's book, *The Stones of Florence*, which made that lovely Italian city look as if nobody lived there. London yields very little to her photographic style, and Pritchett's rich evocation of London life makes a mockery of it.

LES PAVILLONS: French Pavilions of the Eighteenth Century. Text by Cyril Connolly. Photographs by Jerome Zerbe. Macmillan. 211 pp. $15.

Here again the text is all. Watching Connolly have a go at eighteenth-century French elegance — somehow it is more like a rare sporting event than a literary performance — is a pleasant enough diversion for a winter afternoon, but who wants to pay $15 for what is essentially a short magazine piece? The photographs are good, but not outstandingly so, and they are indifferently printed. There must be an audience for this sort of book that I don't know about.

A TIME OF GODS: A Photographer in the Wake of Odysseus. By Roloff Beny. Viking. 272 pp., 148 plates. $20.

Preposterous! A photographic confection which sums up everything that is most pretentious and effete in the current fads of touring Greece and producing picture books for Christmas. The juxtaposition of selections from Chapman's Homer with Beny's slick shots is sickening where it is not just hilarious.

THE WONDERS OF SPAIN. Introduction by Jacques Lafaye. Text and Notes by Yves Bottineau. Translated from the French by Katherine Delavenay. Viking. 284 pp., 164 plates. Until Dec. 31: $22.50; thereafter, $25.

More of the same. This time, a tourist's view of Spain, with a Musak-like text. Books of this sort are masterpieces of book production, but have literally nothing to say about anything *but* the way they are produced. (Here the text is printed on beautiful ochre sheets about the thickness of fine cardboard.) Perhaps it is all an allegory on the way technology has overtaken the mind, even in the making of books. In any event, if some generous but misguided relative gives you this for Christmas, you can exchange it for half a dozen books that you will actually be able to — you'll excuse the expression — *read!*

What's Wrong With the Ivy?

THE COLLEGE NOVEL IN AMERICA. By John O. Lyons. Southern Illinois University Press. 208 pp. $4.50.

Saul Maloff

THE NOVEL deals with the real social world, with man in society, in community, however misshapen, however close to disintegration that society may be. Community need not be dramatically present, as it characteristically is in the classical novel; its *felt* presence — in Trilling's felicitous phrase: "a culture's hum and buzz of implication" — is sufficient, and provides the novel's action with a larger radiance of significance, makes it emblematic.

For the novelist, the academic community would seem to provide spectacular advantages as "material." At a time when the very word "community" has become a key term of contemporary discourse, token of a longing peculiarly modern, of an anguish widely felt, academe would seem the splendid exception to the general chaos, a reminder of what community was, and can be. The log has not disappeared entirely, and there are still teachers and students to sit on it; it is non-technological, relatively; its population and the area it occupies are small enough to allow of face-to-face encounters.

Moreover, it is, or seems to be, coherent, self-contained, a common enterprise within which people work and dwell, live and grow old and die. It has its own rituals and ceremonies, legends and myths, a holy language and a sacred tradition, a kind of secular religion with devotees whose sole calling it is to tend the flame in the temple. The conjunction, then, of such a community and the novelists who since the war have flocked there in droves seemed to be a happy one for the art of the novel. If we could not expect a divine comedy, we had reason to hope for a human comedy.

Yet Santayana wrote in 1950 (in a letter): "To judge from my experience I should say that Harvard yields no good materials for fiction." There lies the sad and surprising story, and we may read "Harvard" (here as elsewhere) as symbolic of the general condition. The evidence, as set out in John O. Lyons' useful and nearly comprehensive book, *The College Novel in America*, leads overwhelmingly to the conclusion that, apart from a very few books, the record is one of dismal artistic failure; and even those few books are not *"college* novels" in the sense that their central action would be inconceivable in some other context — say a suburb, or a board room.

WHY is this? The two best-known college novels — Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe* and Randall Jarrell's *Pictures in an Institution* — are little more than extended funny stories of a familiar kind, the lore of the faculty lounge. Neither novelist, one is certain, would ever think of poising against the "progressive" colleges of their jokes ideal ones of their imagining which would serve the moral purpose of reproach and corrective. In the absence of so much as a hint of that other, ideal, community which this one violates, the satiric intention results in farce — of the classroom, as well as the bedroom, variety. Robie Macauley's *The Disguises of Love* is about an affair between a middle-

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aged man who is said to be a professor and a girl who is said to be a student. Shirley Jackson's *Hangsaman* is damaged precisely by an affirming sentimentality (though Miss Jackson's is a fine, strong, original, unsentimental talent). Certainly Bernard Malamud's *A New Life* (which Lyons fails to deal with, or even perceive, in its own terms) will not yield to so gross a category as "college novel": Malamud's vision is intransigent and idiosyncratic, his landscape is grotesque and desolate, a place for fable and fantasy and nightmare, the drama of the heart, not of quotidian reality. Surprisingly, Lyons ignores George P. Elliot's *Parktilden Village* and John Barth's *The End of the Road*.

When a novel attempts to affirm the *official*, professed values of the academy (by taking its rhetoric, its public "image" for granted, as in Theodore Morrison's *Stones of the House* or Carlos Baker's *Friend in Power*), it turns out to be a sanctimonious bore as well as a bad novel in all other respects. All the others — whether they are told from the point of view of the teacher or of the student — are either sneers or cries of rage, mocking laughter or screams of pain and affliction. Something human, they all say, is being killed here, by an inhuman machine that is a horror and a travesty; human life is possible only when the maimed protagonist leaves the college to seek whatever community he can find in the world without. The college, represented by the Philistine-professor and the Philistine-official, inflicts death to the spirit; and in these novels it is there, rather than at home or in the provincial town, that one learns of the world's treason. Salinger's novel about a boy who leaves prep school differs from the others only in the manner of the telling.

IF IT IS to have any importance, the college novel must succeed as a novel; and in order to do so, it must achieve the formal end of the novel (and any other work of art), which is unity, coherence, seamlessness. The setting cannot be haphazard, incidental: it must be organic, it must work, not only literally, but emblematically, metaphorically, as Dostoevski's Petersburg does, and Dickens' London, and Brontë's heath, and Hardy's moor, and Jane Austen's country house. There must, that is, be a profound relatedness between actor and act and scene of action. When this is not so we "skip" the descriptive passages, as school children do, because they do not matter, and because dialogue is easier to read. Before a writer can succeed in this way, he must understand his scene profoundly and render it exactly, in its essence; and this the college novelist has typically failed to do. Perhaps what we are really pointing at is the community itself.

Community creates the widest spectrum of possibility: that is what community is, and that is what it affords the novelist. Yet the college, we sense in these novels, restricts possibility so severely as to eliminate significance. Despite appearances, despite theory and rhetoric, it is possible that the college may be no community at all, an anti-community; or a most unnatural and inorganic one, in which the aging do not grow old and die but merely go on sabbaticals, in which the young (in the words of the poet W. D. Snodgrass) grow "younger and pinker every year" and "bloom gradually out of reach." It is possible that, for the novel, the college's characteristic conflicts are mean and trivial; that nothing much is really at stake, certainly not the life of the mind and spirit.

Perhaps that is why, thrown back on itself, seeking for its *distinctive* identity as a community, the college novel reverts again and again to a very few situations: a struggle for power in a bureaucracy; a conflict between a sensitive teacher (or student) and some wicked (or foolish) antagonist; a professor's affair with an undergraduate. Where power is at issue, nothing we really care about is at stake; and as for sex, its distinctive possibilities for the novel seem exhausted — or, worse, uninteresting. Perhaps the undergraduate-as-lover is simply too limited, and limiting, a figure.

Carlyle once said, in a relatively philanthropic moment, that all young men ought to be kept under barrels between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. (He knew nothing of women's colleges.) On the evidence, so far as novelists are concerned, they might as well be there.

Books by NATION Contributors

Listed below are books published in 1962 by writers who also contributed to The Nation *in that year. This compilation has become a year-end feature of the magazine — a service to readers and authors. Books published in England are listed for the record. However, they are available on special order from most booksellers.*

NELSON ALGREN. *Book of Lonesome Monsters.* Lancer. 60c paper.
Chicago: City on the Make. Contact Editions. 95c paper.

MARSTON BATES. *The Prevalence of People.* Scribner's. $1.65 paper.

CARLETON BEALS. *Cyclone Carry: The Story of Carry Nation.* Chilton. $6.

CAROL BERGE (with Diane Wakoski, Barbara Moraff and Rochelle Owens). *Four Young Lady Poets.* Corinth. $1.25 paper.

PETER L. BERNSTEIN. *The Price of Prosperity.* Doubleday. $4.50.

SOL BIDERMAN. *What Shall I Do in Summer? and other Poems.* Macmillan. $1 paper.

ROBERT BLY. *Silence in the Snowy Fields.* Wesleyan. $3.50. $1.45 paper.
The Lion's Tail and Eyes. Sixties Press. $2. $1 paper.

ANDREW BOYD. *United Nations: Piety, Myth, and Truth.* Penguin. 85c paper.
Atlas of African Affairs. Praeger. $3.50. $1.75 paper.
Atlas of World Affairs (revised edition). Praeger. $1.65 paper.

URIE BRONFENBRENNER. *Man Alone.* Dell. 95c paper.

KENNETH BURKE. *A Grammar of Motives* and *A Rhetoric of Motives.* Meridian. $2.95 paper.

HAYDEN CARRUTH. *The Norfolk Poems.* Prairie Press. $3.

FRED J. COOK. *The Warfare State.* Macmillan. $4.95.
P. T. Barnum. Encyclopedia Britannica Press. $2.95.

ROBERT C. COOK. *Population and Food Supply.* U.N. 50c paper.

ROBERT CREELEY. *For Love: Poems 1950-1960.* Scribner's. $3.50. $1.45 paper.

DAVID DAICHES. *White Man in the Tropics.* Harcourt. $1.95 paper.
Willa Cather. Collier. 95c paper.

JONATHAN DANIELS. *The Devil's Backbone: The Story of the Natchez Trace.* McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

IRVING DILLARD, editor. *The Spirit of Liberty: Papers and Addresses of Learned Hand.* Vintage. $1.25 paper.

HARRY W. ERNST. *The Primary That Made a President: West Virginia 1960.* McGraw-Hill. 50c paper.

VICTOR C. FERKISS. *Communism Today: Belief and Practice.* Paulist Press. 95c paper.

GEORGES FRIEDMANN. *The Anatomy of Work.* Free Press. $5.

JACK GILBERT. *Views of Jeopardy.* Yale. $3. $1.25 paper.

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JOHN GREENWAY. *Primitive Music*. Univer. of Colorado. $4.50.
Peoples and Cultures of Australia. Univer. of Colorado. $4.50.

JOSEPH HELLER. *Catch-22*. Dell. 75c paper.

ANSELM HOLLO, editor and translator. *Red Cats: Yevtushenko, Kirsanov, Voznesensky*. City Lights. $1 paper.
Editor and translator. *Some Poems by Paul Klee*. Scorpion Press/City Lights. $1.75 paper.

EDWIN HONIG. *The Gazabos: 41 Poems and the Widow*. Clarke & Way. $1.45 paper.
Editor (with Oscar Williams). *Mentor Book of Major American Poets*. New American Library. 95c paper.

ROY HOOPES. *A Report on Fallout in Your Food*. New American Library. 50c paper.
What the President Does All Day. John Day. $2.50.
State Colleges and Universities: A Guide for Prospective Students. Robert Luce. $4.95. $3.95 paper.

IRVING L. HOROWITZ. *Radicalism and the Revolt Against Reason*. Humanities Press. $6.
Philosophy, Science and the Sociology of Knowledge. Charles C. Thomas. $7.75.

CLIVE JENKINS. *Power Behind the Screen*. McGibbon and Kee. 25s.

FREDERICK R. KARL. *The Contemporary English Novel*. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.95.

GEORGE KAUFFMAN. *The Other Man: Poems*. Kept Press. $1 paper.

WILLIAM MELVIN KELLEY. *A Different Drummer*. Doubleday. $3.95.

CHRISTOPHER LASCH. *The American Liberals and the Russian Revolution*. Columbia. $6.50.

ROBERT LAX. *New Poems*. Journeyman Books. $1.50 paper.

MICHAEL LEWIS. *Napoleon and His British Captives*. Allen & Unwin. 42s.
A History of the British Navy. Penguin. 8/6.
Translator, *The Spanish Armada*. Payot. 15 fr.

SAUL MALOFF. *Avon Treasury of Great Poetry*. Avon. 50c paper.

EVE MERRIAM. *Basics: An I-Can-Read Book for Grownups*. Macmillan. $2.50.
There Is No Rhyme for Silver (poetry, juvenile). Atheneum. $3.25.

WALTER M. MILLER, JR. *Conditionally Human*. Ballantine. 50c paper.

EARL MINER (with Robert H. Brower). *Japanese Court Poetry*. Stanford University Press. $8.75.
Assoc. editor. *The Works of John Dryden*. California Univer. $10.

HERBERT MITGANG. *Lincoln As They Saw Him*. Collier. $1.50 paper.
Editor. *Lincoln's Time*. Collier. 95c paper.

FRED WARNER NEAL. *War & Peace & Germany*. Norton. $3.95.

JAMES R. NEWMAN. *The Rule of Folly*. Simon & Schuster. $1 paper.
Editor. *The Harper Encyclopedia of Science*. Harper & Row. $24.95 (after Christmas, $30).

GEORGE OPPEN. *The Materials*. New Directions. $1.25 paper.

JOEL L. OPPENHEIMER. *The Love Bit*. Totem/Corinth. $1.25 paper.

RAYMOND POSTGATE. *Revolution from 1789 to 1906*. Harper & Row. $1.95 paper.

DAVID M. POTTER. *Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis*. Yale Univ. Press. $1.95 paper.
Trail to California. Yale Univ. Press. $1.75 paper.

J. F. POWERS. *Morte d'Urban*. Doubleday. $4.50.
The Presence of Grace. Atheneum. $1.25 paper.

KENNETH REXROTH. *Assays*. New Directions. $2.25 paper.
Poems from the Greek Anthology. Univer. of Michigan. $1.75 paper.

JEROME ROTHENBERG (with Michael Benedikt and Ralph Gladstone). *Max Jacob: Selected Writings*. New Fresco. $1 paper.

KARL RUPPENTHAL. *The Air Line Dispatcher in North America*. Stanford Univ. Graduate School of Business. $5.
Transportation Frontiers. Stanford Univer. Graduate School of Business. $5.95.

JAMES SCHEVILL. *Private Dooms & Public Destinations: Poems 1945-1962*. Alan Swallow. $1.65 paper.

SAMUEL SHAPIRO. *Richard Henry Dana Jr*. Michigan State Univ. $5.

ROGER L. SHINN. *The Sermon on the Mount*. United Church Press. $1.45 paper.

J. DAVID SINGER. *Deterrence, Arms Control & Disarmament*. Ohio State Univ. $5.50.

BRADFORD SMITH. *Portrait of India*. Lippincott. $5.95.

WILLIAM STAFFORD. *Traveling Through the Dark*. Harper & Row. $3.50.

GEORGE STEINER, editor (with Robert Fagles). *Homer: Critical Essays*. Prentice-Hall. $1.95 paper.

ROBERT SWARD. *Uncle Dog and Other Poems*. Putnam's. $1.25 paper.

THOMAS H. UZZELL. *The Twilight of Self-Government*. Bruce Humphries. $4.

DIANE WAKOSKI (with Carol Bergé, Barbara Moraff and Rochelle Owens).

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Four Young Lady Poets. Corinth. $1.25 paper.

Coins and Coffins. Hawkswell Press. $1 paper.

ARTHUR I. WASKOW. *The Limits of Defense.* Doubleday. $2.95.

America in Hiding. Ballantine. 60c paper.

ALEXANDER WERTH. *Russia Under Khrushchev.* Hill & Wang. $5. Fawcett. 75c paper.

HARVEY WHEELER (with Eugene Burdick). *Fail-Safe.* McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

EDWARD ZIEGLER. *Men Who Make Us Rich.* Macmillan. $4.95.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Art and Criticism

The Sense of Quality and *Rudiments of Connoisseurship* by Bernard Berenson (Schocken, $1.95 ea.; cloth, $4.50). On the taste and disciplined competence reflected in these fifteen essays on Italian Renaissance art and the title essay, "Rudiments of Connoisseurship," most great American collections were assembled. With these essays from the nineties one should remember Sir William Rothenstein's portrait of Berenson in 1907. He is in an Italian landscape, bareheaded, his eyes abstracted and turned aside, his beard still dark, his right hand well manicured, competent and sensitive as it is exposed against his cape. The portrait and the essays illuminate American culture at an important stage as well as the Italian art which was Berenson's explicit subject. The eighty-five plates have lost definition in offset. Also *Sketch for a Self-Portrait* by Mr. Berenson at eighty (Indiana, $1.50).

The Renaissance: Six Essays by Wallace K. Ferguson, Robert S. Lopez, George Sarton, Roland H. Bainton, Leicester Bradner, Edwin Panofsky (Harper & Row, $1.65). Metropolitan Museum papers of 1951-52 on backgrounds of the art.

Carolingian Art by Roger Hinks (Michigan, $1.95; cloth, $4.40). The emergence of a new art, in subject, form and structure, in the Carolingian renaissance, from Mediterranean and northern origins; twenty-four plates.

Egyptian Wall Paintings from Tombs and Temples, introduction by Christiane Desroches-Noblecourt; *Persian Miniatures from Ancient Manuscripts,* introduction by Basil Gray; *Russian Icons from the Twelfth to the Fifteenth Century,* introduction by Victor Lasareff; *Spanish Frescoes of the Romanesque Period,* introduction by Juan Aimaud (Mentor, 95c ea.). Mentor-UNESCO Art series on 6½" x 4¼" pages; compact, informative introductions with black-and-white half tones plus twenty-eight color plates in each, sometimes fuzzy but excellent at the price.

The Happy Critic by Mark Van Doren (Hill and Wang, $1.45). Thirteen pointed, comfortably informed pieces, 1945-59, from short *Nation* essays to three lectures on *Don Quixote.*

George Eliot: Her Mind and Art by Joan Bennett (Cambridge, $1.45). A durable pattern of concentrated novel criticism, the stimulating analysis of formative influences, reputation, ideas and artistic form and effect.

English Satire by James R. Sutherland (Cambridge, $1.45). A pleasing informal survey in seven lectures, not attempting such probing as Ewald's on Swift or Mudrick's on Jane Austen.

Literary Opinion in America, Morton Dauwen Zabel, editor (Harper & Row, 2 vols., $2.45 ea.). The 1951 edition with its useful analytical introduction and anthology of seventy-seven essays plus new selections on Sherwood Anderson and Fitzgerald; a ten-page bibliography of criticism, 1951-61.

Also: *Artistic Theory in Italy 1450-1600* by Anthony Blunt (Oxford, $1.25). *What Is Art? and Essays on Art* by Leo Tolstoy (Oxford, $1.75). *Music in American Life* by Jacques Barzun (Indiana, $1.75).

Biography

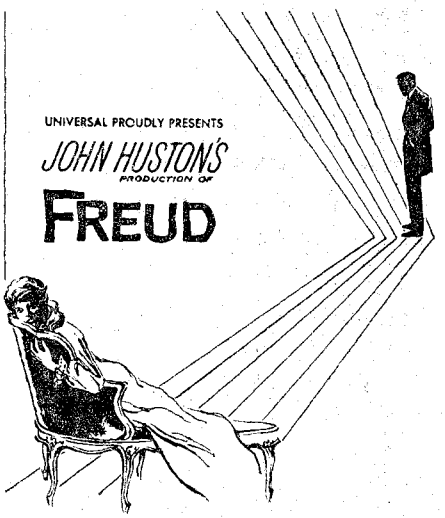
Karl Marx: The Story of His Life by Franz Mehring (Michigan, $2.95). An exceptionally successful combination of narrative with explorations of Marx's thought by a leading German Marxist, 1892-1919.

Albert Einstein, His Work and Its Influence on Our World (Scribner's, $1.25). A non-mathematical study for general readers; covers Einstein's generalized theory of gravitation.

Picasso: His Life and Work by Roland Penrose (Schocken, $2.45). A full-length biography and critical study by a personal friend, chairman of the British Institute of Contemporary Arts.

Mozart, His Character, His Work by Alfred Einstein (Oxford, $2.65). Searching, lively, standard; a source of new understanding for informed readers and listeners, now corrected by the German edition of 1953.

Toulouse-Lautrec by Henri Perruchot (Collier, $1.50). A close-packed, vivid, intimate life of great compassion and



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Ludwig Wittgenstein: A Memoir by Norman Malcolm (Oxford, $1.25). Personal recollections of the flashing manner and mode of thinking of the student of Bertrand Russell who more lately led the "Cambridge School" in philosophy.

The Life of Lewis Carroll by Florence Becker Lennon (Collier, 95c). Usefully revises and expands the Freudian *Victoria Through the Looking Glass* of 1945; illustrated.

Aubrey's Brief Lives, edited by Oliver Lawson Dick (Michigan, $2.25). One hundred thirty-four brilliantly revealing gossipy sketches, chiefly of seventeenth-century Englishmen, with useful headnotes and Dick's lively account of John Aubrey and his times.

Politics and History

The United Nations as a Political Institution by H. G. Nicholas (Oxford, $1.75). Origin, development and operation of the United Nations as a functioning organization; revised and extended through Hammarskjold's death.

The Peoples and Policies of South Africa by Leo Marquard (Oxford, $2.25). Historical background and gripping treatments of the people and problems, with predictions of extensive policy changes.

An Introduction to the History of West Africa by J. D. Fage (Cambridge, $1.45). Nigeria to Senegal; sketchy till 1500; fuller on slave and colonial periods, now covering the independence movement since 1945.

The Myth of the Ruling Class: Gaetano Mosca and the "Elite" by James H. Meisel (Michigan, $2.25). Based largely on writings of Mosca not yet translated into English, Meisel's work traces the progression of his ideas relating to rule by elites from his youth to old age.

A Study of History by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford, Vols. 4-6, $2.65, $2.75, $2.45). Concludes Toynbee's sober but not fatalistic interpretation with his two volumes on "The Disintegration of Civilizations."

Also: *Nehru on World History,* condensed by Saul K. Padover from *Glimpses of World History* (Indiana, $2.45). *Indian Idealism* by Surendranath Dasgupta (Cambridge, $1.65). *Mohammedanism: A Historical Survey* by H. A. R. Gibb (Oxford, $1.25). *The Social Structure of Islam* by Reuben Levy (Cambridge, $2.95).

Miscellaneous

The New Jazz Book: A History and Guide by Joachim E. Berendt (Hill and Wang, $2.45; cloth, $5). The leading German treatment of American jazz styles and performers and the elements and character of jazz; photographs.

The Ship of Fools by Sebastian Brant (Dover, $2). Edwin H. Zeydel's sinewy, apt translation of Brant's widely influential satirical sketches with the hundred superb woodcuts of the Basel edition of 1494; good commentary.

The Beggar's Opera by John Gay, Benjamin W. Griffith, editor (Barron's Educational Series, 95c). The music, line drawings and a useful introduction to the eighteenth-century satire that made the producer Rich gay and Gay rich.

A Short History of Scientific Ideas to 1900 by Charles Singer (Oxford, $2.45). An authoritative basic account greatly expanding *A Short History of Science* and stressing ideas and attitudes rather than masses of data as the distinctive mark of science; heavily illustrated.

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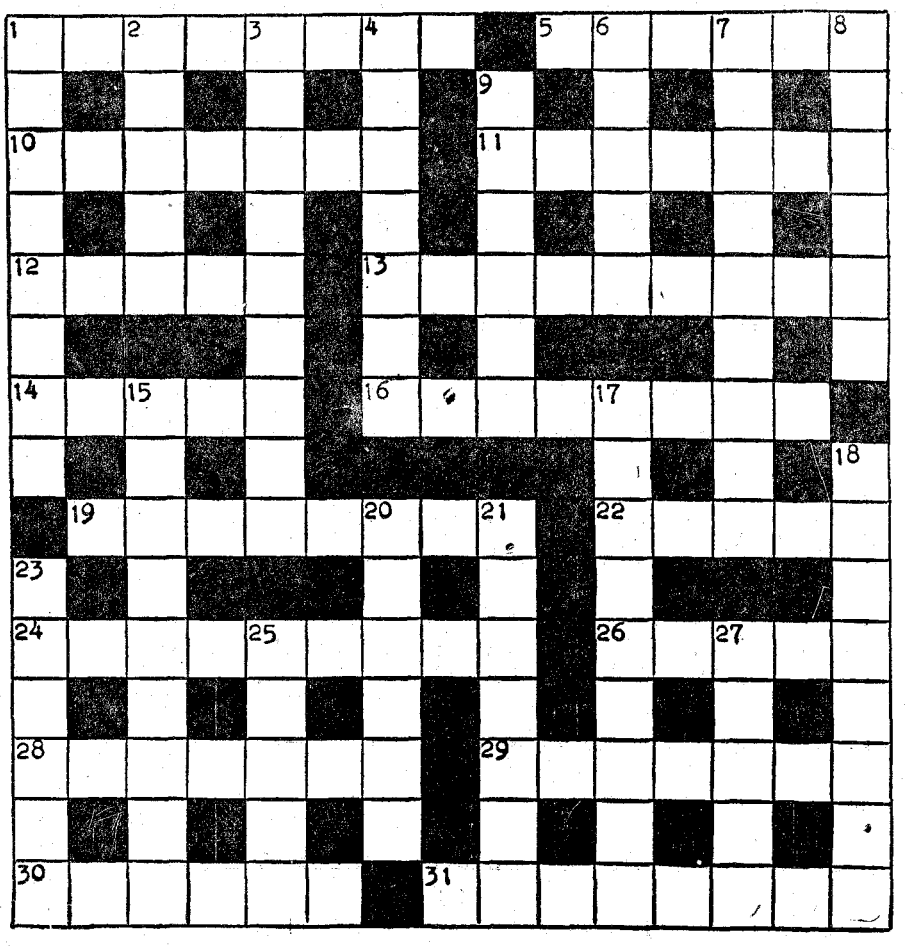
Crossword Puzzle No. 990

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Don't wipe this spot where dampness shows up! (3, 5)
5 Toy dog to fondle? (6)
10 Stuffy—or perhaps just flat! (7)
12 Something new in electronics sounds as though it doesn't work. (5)
13 The source of the flag, in one sense. (5, 4)
14 and 22 Shakespeare for the very young? (6, 4)
16 Try one of many beers—it might set a precedent. (4, 4)
19 Steers in the correct direction, as one may infer. (8)
24 Give point to a neatly turned phrase, when the joke boomerangs. (7, 2)
26 and 11 Implying no loss of virtue. (5, 7)
28 It made the poet's pumper a jumper. (7)
29 Somewhat less than an adult member of the pack, or material for one. (7)
30 and 31 Amateurs in this category should pull down the shades. (6, 8)

DOWN:

1 Having lost its vitality, hair and things might be tied up this way. (8)
3 Goes past one's stop? (9)
4 Cyrano had to stick his, and get barely beat. (4, 3)
6 The character of the first-run cast —presumably the last one. (5)
7 Certainly not an amateur foreign agent! (9)
8 Equivalent to how journeys end, if they're secret. (6)
9 Starve such a condition? One turns away the thought! (6)
15 and 2 The political bailiwicks of America-Firsters? (9, 5)
17 Part of the look-out of law partners? (9)
18 How to get on, in the case of two-wheelers, might present quite a blow. (8)
20 Subscribe again to that concerning the latest? (6)
21 His clothes were unsightly! (7)
23 A deed delivered. (6)
25 Father starts to blow, but he knows his instrument. (5)
27 One's partner sounds rough! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 989

ACROSS: 1 Catchword; 6 Warts; 9 Apparel; 10 Expunge; 11, 25 and 23 Perpetrate; 12 and 13 Storm sewer; 15 Wide-open; 16 Moslem; 18 Tinker; 20 Flatiron; 24 Strain; 28 Hold out; 29 Agonist; 30 Dudes; 31 Citv-state.
DOWN: 1 and 27 Champions; 2 Tapered; 3 Horoscopes; 4 Onlooker; 6 Wipe; 7 Renewal; 8 Steersman; 14 Portentous 15 Watershed; 17 and 5 Pleasant dreams; 19 Nettled; 21 Replica; 22 Static; 26 Title.

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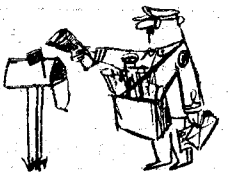
"Let your do the walking," goes the Yellow Pages' admonition. Our version is slightly different: "Let your fingers do the shopping" — especially when there is so little time left. Sign on the dotted line below and let the  do the walking. He'll deliver THE NATION weekly and each time the recipient of your gift will be reminded afresh of your thoughtfulness — and of your good sense when it comes to Christmas giving.

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